

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Established Aug. 4, 1851. HENRY PETERSON & CO., Publishers,  
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1867.

Price 50 Cts. A Year, in Advance. Whole Number Issued, 5295.  
Single Number 5 Cents.

## QUOD AVERTAT DEUS.\*

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,  
BY LUCERN ELLIOTT.

What if the prattling tongue,  
Where queries manifold and weirdly quaint,  
Unseen, untrammelled by precise restraint,  
Like pearls are thickly strung,  
Were still, and answered not my anxious call,  
Coined no more chatter, wearying me, and all  
The crude attempts to sing  
Or read in mimicking;  
The sweet endearments that have tired the ear  
Stirred not the silent air for me to hear?

What if the busy hands  
Working their untangled mischief all day long,  
With zest that forms no line 'twixt right and  
wrong,  
And even aid demand,  
Had ceased their work, and were forever pressed,  
Like twin wax figures o'er a pulseless breast  
Ever to lay so still,  
Never again to thrill  
With soft caressing of the dainty palm,  
Healing all wounds with tenderest of balm?

What if the pattering feet,  
Whose ceaseless marches hidden treasures find,  
Marked no more journeyings where earth's  
fetters bind,  
Had left the fading shores with us behind,  
And touched the golden street  
Unsoiled by dust we older mortals bear,  
The soul untainted by our earthly care,  
With Priest nor Sainly prayer  
The spirit to prepare,  
And while we bow to kiss the chastening rod  
He climbs the Immortal Hills before his God?

The grave demands no care,  
Silence and Death reign there.  
But on the void that fills the empty room,  
And hangs the house in drapery of gloom,  
When tiny hands and feet,  
And infant graces sweet,  
That form the watchings for our weary eyes,  
Then with new learning make such glad sur-  
prise:  
The wealth of fond embrace,  
The pure unstudied grace,  
All from our presence glide,  
Upon the mystic tide—  
A cherub lost from Heaven's bright domain,  
Then with sweet loving lost to us again.

\* Which God avert.

## JOYCE DORMER'S STORY.

BY JEAN BONCEUR.

### CHAPTER XIX.

Snow-flakes do not fall for ever. Sometime or other busy Mother Carey must take a little rest, and then the sun peeps out again, for he has been hidden by the showers of feathers that have been falling from the clouds. But though he shines brightly, his rays have not very much power, for a hard frost has set in, and the white dazzling snow lies on the ground undisturbed.

Doris was restless and uneasy; she could not shake off the impression that her dream had left upon her mind. In vain she tried to laugh off her feelings as absurd. How could one so well disposed to the Lynn children as she was, be likely to do them any injury? She felt if she could only meet the Gresham Lynns face to face once more, that the feeling would pass away. So she hailed the bright frosty day as a means of bringing about the opportunity of seeing them.

Aunt Lotty's ideas were flowing in a similar channel.

"I should think, Joyce, that the little Lynns would be sure to go to see the river now it is frozen over. I think after what Mr. Carmichael said, that it would be well to take some notice of those children. I should like to speak to them myself, but Mr. Carmichael would not approve of that at present."

And Aunt Lotty gave a little sigh, and felt something as near envy at the superior good fortune of Joyce and Doris as it was in her gentle nature to do.

So Joyce and Doris wandered down to the river, and shaped their course along the windings even as far as the boundary of Lynncourt.

And there they heard children's voices, and saw Mr. Lynn and his two boys coming towards them.

Mr. Lynn was very pale, and he looked more thoughtful than usual, though at all times he had a grave serious expression. Still he looked graver than ever now, and the sweet smile seldom played upon his features.

And to-day his thoughts had been straying far away into the past, and had called up old times and painful memories. The late death had brought back another death to his remembrance; and yet "brought back" scarcely conveys the impression, since that other death was ever present, and had tinted his life and colored his joys, and had so blended all other objects with its memory, that each event seemed in some inexplicable way connected with it. Therefore the late death had renewed the former

one, and had brought back his first grief in all its intensity.

And now it stood out in all its horror before him—a death he had not seen—a death no hand had soothed—a death where wild waves had swept over a stately vessel, and a fair-faced corpse, with a little babe in its arms, had found a grave deep down beneath the raging waters.

Drowned!—drowned!

The cry had sounded in his ears for many and many a year, and to-day it sounded clearer than ever; and his imagination pictured the dismantled ship tossed helplessly upon the surging sea, whilst high above the roaring of the waves rose the despairing shriek of frantic human beings crying for—"Help!—help!"

And no help came.

No help! The fair-faced woman, clasping the little child to her breast, gurgled in her death-agony for help! But no help came.

The cruel waters roared, and heaved, and foamed; the ship went down, the billows broke over her, and there was no trace left of her. The storm howled a requiem over the souls that had gone to their last account, and then, sobbing and sighing over its own wild passion, fell asleep, and the sun shone out.

It was over eighteen years ago.

Oh, that she had never set sail in that vessel! Oh, that she had waited yet a little longer.

Drowned!—drowned!

Would he never be deaf to that cry? It mingled with every other sound he heard, and even now was mingling with merry childish voices calling on him amidst their play.

He was recalled from his vision by the children who, tired of heaping up the soft white snow, besought their father to take them down to see the frozen river.

"The snow lies too deep in the fields," said Mr. Lynn.

"But Robert has swept a path for us," pleaded the elder boy.

And so they went.

And so they met with Joyce and Doris.

But now that the opportunity had come, Joyce and Doris felt loth to take advantage of it, for they recollected that this was the first time they had seen Mr. Lynn since his wife's death. They would have turned aside, but Mr. Lynn had seen them, and was advancing towards them. There was evidently no recollection of the fact upon his mind, or if there were, it did not strike him painfully. Possibly he was too much preoccupied in his musings for any fresh thought to affect him.

He spoke to them mechanically, and scarcely seemed to hear their answers.

After a little while Doris stole off with the children, but Joyce remained standing by his side; for, though he did not speak, when she was moving away, he said,

"Miss Dormer, do not go; I wish to speak to you."

So Joyce waited; but still Mr. Lynn's speech was not forthcoming.

She stood wondering what Mr. Lynn wished to say, whether it was about Doris, or the children, or about Mrs. Lynn's death; but whatever it was, Mr. Lynn either was in no hurry, or else he did not know how to begin his subject.

In the meantime Doris and the children, warm with exercise and tired of making snowballs, had paused to rest.

Doris, seating herself on a log of wood, had taken the younger boy on her lap.

Suddenly he threw his arms around her. "I want my mamma," he said; "where is my mamma?"

"Hush, Ernie, hush! mamma is dead; she will never come again."

"But I want to see her," wailed the child; "O mamma! mamma!"

Doris turned to the elder boy. "Does Ernie grieve much?" she whispered.

"No," he replied; "only sometimes; and then if nurse shows him playthings or pictures, he forgets."

"And do you forget, Archie?"

"The boy shook his head sorrowfully. "No, never; and papa doesn't."

Doris wondered what she could do to divert the little one's thoughts.

"Here, Ernie," she said; "you shall have my watch to look at."

The child was all attention in a moment, but unfortunately Doris had left the watch at home.

"Is this a watch?" asked Ernie, touching the locket that hung round her neck.

"No," she replied; then, after a slight hesitation, she unfasted it. "Ernie, this is a picture of my mamma."

The child looked eagerly at it. "I have a picture of my mamma at home."

"Where is your mamma?" asked Archie, gently.

"I have no mamma now, Archie, she is dead, like yours."

"And your papa?"

"He is dead too, Archie."

"Then you have no one; I am sorry for you," said he.

The younger boy had jumped down, and was now hurrying towards his father with the locket in his hand.

Mr. Lynn was still deep in his reverie, and appeared to have forgotten that Joyce was standing near him, or that he had anything to say to her; and she was just on the point of slipping away and joining Doris, when the child came running up.

"Papa, papa, look; it is her mamma," and he pointed to Doris.

"Yes," answered Mr. Lynn, without noticing the locket that the boy held out.

"But, look, look," persisted the child, thrusting it into his father's hand.

Mr. Lynn, to satisfy him, looked down at the locket.

"Yes, Ernie, yes—" But, as his eye fell upon it, he started. Surely he had seen that locket somewhere before. Was he awake? What had happened? There seemed a mist before his eyes as he gazed upon it, and noted its old-fashioned shape and workmanship. He touched the spring, and the lid flew open, and disclosed the portrait of a fair-faced woman. With a loud cry, he sprang past the astonished child, and seizing Doris by the arm,

"Who are you?" he cried; "whose portrait is this?"

"My mother's!"

"Eilen Carmichael! for heaven's sake, tell me, is it Eilen Carmichael?" and he gazed at her wildly.

"My mother's name was Eilen," said Doris, half frightened at his vehemence.

"But, my Eilen! my Eilen! tell me, girl, was my Eilen your mother? Can she give up its dead? Girl! girl! what do you know of my Eilen?"

And then more calmly, still grasping Doris's hands, for fear that she might escape him, he asked—

"Who was your mother?"

"Eilen Carmichael!"

"When did she die?"

"Six months ago."

"And your father?"

"He died in Australia."

Mr. Lynn groaned.

"O God! O God! can this be true?"

He turned to Joyce, whose ideas were gradually sorting themselves from the confusion into which they had lately been thrown; and though far from the truth, she saw at once that there was some mysterious connection between Mr. Lynn and the Carmichael family.

"Miss Dormer, can you tell me anything? Who is this girl? Is that her mother; or is this some cruel scheme of Hugh Carmichael's?"

"I do not know, Mr. Lynn. What is it you wish to know? I believe this to be the portrait of Mr. Carmichael's sister, who was supposed to be drowned at sea."

Mr. Lynn staggered back, and but for the tree against which he had been leaning, would have fallen to the ground.

### CHAPTER XX.

Two hours later Mr. Carmichael sat in his study awaiting a guest—a guest whom, till within the last six months, he had never expected to see beneath the roof of Green Oaks.

It is difficult to say what were Mr. Carmichael's exact feelings; now he rubbed his hands softly, and a gleam of triumph lighted up his eyes, and now an anxious expression would cross his brow, and his lips would become compressed.

Of what was he thinking?—Not of the years that had passed since he had left Australia, but of the time preceding them.

A quick ring at the door-bell.

Aunt Lotty, listening in the drawing-room, held her breath.

She knew it was Mr. Gresham Lynn coming to see Mr. Carmichael on important business, but she knew nothing further. A cloud of mist and dust hovered around her, and she saw nothing clearly.

Doris was half-kneeling at Aunt Lotty's feet, resting her head on her lap. She was crying bitterly, though she scarce knew why; but a sense of impending trouble to the Lynn family, of which she was somehow the cause, pressed heavily upon her.

Joyce sat very still, trying to sew, but her brain was busier than her fingers, and the piece of work fell from her hands; so she leaned her head back, shut her eyes, and tried to piece together the thoughts and events of the last few weeks.

Somehow the servants knew that business of importance was going on,—servants always do know everything; and there was an air of solemnity in the manner in which the man opened the door for Mr. Gresham Lynn, and ushered him into his master's study.

Mr. Carmichael rose, but he did not put out his hand, though he was not rubbing his hands now, they were folded behind him. He bowed stiffly to Mr. Lynn, and the two men gazed at each other as though each were suspicious of the other, and each unwilling to make the first move.

Mr. Carmichael, quiet and composed, yet with the nervous twitch ever and anon working at the corners of his mouth; Mr. Lynn, trembling with emotion, eager and yet too agitated to frame his questioning into audible words. Both were silent. Mr. Carmichael pointed his visitor to a seat. Mr. Lynn sat down and then rose up again, and leaned against the mantelpiece.

"You desire to ask for some information, Mr. Lynn?" said Mr. Carmichael, and a gleam came into his eyes and passed away in a sneering smile upon his thin lips.

But Mr. Lynn did not see it, he was looking down upon the ground, his hands were clasped convulsively, and his lips were trying to frame

a word, but no sound came. Again and again he endeavored to command his voice, and at length with a mighty effort one word burst forth, so sharp and clear in its imploring tone that even Mr. Carmichael was startled.

"Eilen!"

It died away, and there was no answer. And again the anguished lips moved.

"My wife!"

Then came a response in a cold voice.

"Your wife?"

"My wife, my long lost wife!" exclaimed Mr. Lynn. "If you have the heart of a man, tell me what of my wife?"

"Your wife, my sister, Eilen Carmichael?"

"My wife!"

"Sit down, Mr. Lynn," said Mr. Carmichael, calmly; "we have a long business in hand."

Mr. Lynn threw himself into the chair and leaned eagerly forward.

"I find," began Mr. Carmichael, "by the parish register in the village of Hillfield, county—," here Mr. Carmichael was interrupted.

"What need—"

"Pardon me," said Mr. Carmichael, "I am a business man, and must proceed in order. In this register I find in the year 18—, just twenty years ago, the entry of the marriage of John Gresham and Eilen Carmichael. Why this marriage was kept secret at the time I am not able to say, perhaps you can inform me?"

"It was only to be for a time."

Mr. Carmichael went on.

"The witness to this marriage was Henry Bargrave, and after the marriage you went to Australia. My sister followed in the next vessel with Henry Bargrave and his wife, ostensibly as governess to a great-niece of Mrs. Bargrave's. Am I right?"

Mr. Lynn bowed.

"I had quarrelled with my sister, and had determined never to speak to her again, therefore her movements were nothing to me, and it is not surprising that I was not made acquainted with them. She was free to go where she pleased, and I did not know that she had left England, until I saw in a paper an account of the loss of the Albatross. It was stated that with the exception of a few of the crew saved in the long-boat, all on board had perished. Amongst the names in the list of passengers, I read that of Eilen Carmichael. Of your death, or rather your supposed death, I should say, I had heard previously, and then I left Australia, and until lately have had no communication with any one there."

Mr. Lynn had been sitting compelling himself to listen until Mr. Carmichael had finished speaking. Now he said in a subdued voice,

"And you never knew that your sister was my wife?"

"Never until six months ago."

"Mr. Lynn started to his feet."

"And how, how did you know then?"

"My sister told me on her death-bed. Eilen Carmichael did not perish at sea."

"Oh God! not drowned! not drowned! but living through those long, long years!"

Mr. Lynn clutched Mr. Carmichael by the shoulder; fiercely he looked into his face; fixedly as though he would read his inmost soul.

"Hugh Carmichael, is this true?"

"As I live, it is true."

Mr. Lynn dropped into his chair and closed his eyes.

"Go on," he groaned; "in mercy, go on, and tell me all there is to hear."

"Your wife and child were saved. They had been put into a boat with some other passengers by the captain, and were picked up by a Spanish vessel, bound for Lisbon, where they were landed, and from thence made their way to England. My sister did not go up into the north to the old place, but found a home in the south, where she lived, and where she died."

"How long have you known that she was living?"

"Seven years; but never of her marriage until on her death-bed she disclosed the secret. It could do no harm then, she said."

"And I was never told."

"Why should you be? You came here a rich man, with a beautiful wife and children, and what matter was it to you that the sister of the man you scorned, and who was thought to be drowned eighteen years ago, was getting her living by lace making in an obscure village in Devonshire?"

"I never scorned you, Hugh Carmichael," said Mr. Lynn, sadly; "and if you had ever any ground for believing so, you are simply revenged to-day."

Yes, Mr. Carmichael was revenged; he felt it; he had triumphed over the man whom he had hated all his life. In that point of view he was certainly tasting of the sweets of revenge. Yet bitter, so bitter, that the sweet would not sweeten it, came the thought that he had been far more sinning than sinned against.

And if people could only believe it, it is much better to be the injured party. If the wound be sharp and severe at first, it leaves no fretting sore behind. Time, the great healer, comes and fans it with his wing, and soothes the irritation, pouring in balm and oil till all is well again. It is easier far, and happier, to forgive than to need forgiveness.

Of course, these thoughts found no place in Mr. Carmichael's speculations. True, he had a vague idea that he should be glad to find some instance wherein he, and not Mr. Lynn, had

been the injured person; but memory signally failed him in this respect. Wherefore he had to content himself with gloating over his present triumph, such as it was.

"You saw my wife on her death-bed, Hugh Carmichael," said Mr. Lynn, in a low, agitated voice.

"Yes."

"Did she leave no message, no remembrance?"

"None. She knew of your marriage—of your children; and she begged me to take care of Doris."

"No message; not one word?"

"None."

Again Mr. Lynn groaned.

"It is a satisfaction to me that my sister, though dead, can yet be righted by the justice you can do her child. Will you do this justice?"

Mr. Lynn looked wonderingly at Mr. Carmichael, as though he did not see the drift of his speech.

"Will you do justice to her child?" repeated Mr. Carmichael.

"Her child! My child! Good heavens! what do you take me for? My child; my Eilen's child; what should I not do for her? Where is she? Let me have my child!"

"Your eldest child, remember," said Mr. Carmichael, emphatically; "I claim the estate of Lynncourt for my niece Doris Gresham."

But Mr. Lynn heeded not his words; there was but one thought in his heart, his new-found daughter.

Strange that his heart should have so yearned towards her, surely some mysterious influence had been at work drawing them together, bringing the daughter of his first wife to watch by the last wife's deathbed. Strange that they both should have clung to her in their last solemn hours, as though the one had sent a messenger of peace to hush the other to her wakeful sleep, that so in death they might be linked together, and leave a daughter's overshadow by their love, a precious treasure for him to love for their united sakes. Oh, Doris! Doris!

"Take me to Doris," he said.

And Mr. Carmichael led the way to the drawing-room, where Doris still sat leaning her head upon Aunt Lotty's lap. She had left off crying, but her eyes were heavy and swollen.

As Mr. Lynn and Mr. Carmichael entered the room she sprang up.

"What is it?" she asked, for in the faces of the two men she read that some strange revelation was at hand.

"Your mother was supposed to have been drowned at sea," said Mr. Carmichael.

"Doris, my daughter! Eilen Carmichael was my wife."

But Doris did not speak, she gave one wild cry and fell senseless into Mr. Lynn's arms.

### CHAPTER XXI.

FROM JOYCE DORMER'S DIARY.

This is what my story has arrived at. Who would have expected such an issue? It is scarcely like real life—more like a romance; yet is not life a romance? Nevertheless, this seems to me an exaggeration. Should I in my wildest speculations have ever dreamed that Mr. Lynn and Mr. Carmichael could be brothers-in-law, and that Doris was Mr. Lynn's daughter. I cannot make out life; it is past understanding—a jumble of curious chapters written down in the book of destiny that man must spell out letter by letter for himself, and make sense of as he goes along. Chapters with wild weird sentences in them, incomprehensible almost, as we stagger through them, but fittingly deftly in when the final chapter comes. Oh! never without that "Finis" can the book be properly read.

Or is it not so definitely arranged? Is it not, rather, a succession of loose sheets, thrown into a giant printing press, which men crowd round, struggling for the impressions as they come to hand; each seizing and making his own that which is nearest to him, longing for that beyond his grasp, and blotting and blurring that which he possesses in his mad efforts to reach the unattainable? Oh, again, may there not be blank books in which he may write down for himself, and create as he goes along, the story of his life?

How is it?

I pause and think, and then I see Doris teased like a spray of sea-weed on the mighty ocean, severed from the parent root, and lost for many a day; yet drawn by strange affinities, still floating along in safe waters, and reuniting with the parent branch.

I cannot understand! What use, if we so drift along, to raise a hand to steer our course? If life is so prepared—if it is so marked out, so pencilled that we have nothing more to do than just fill up the sketch, why toil?—why struggle? The sketch, ay, is that it? the outline? Stay, what is a picture, till the lights and shades come in? Work on—till on, till the picture, do thy painting with a masterly hand. An infinitesimal number of fine strokes, of broad shadows, of patient touches, are needful to bring the picture to perfection. And this is thy work; the sketch alone is traced out for thee; the working-out is all thy own; the finished picture thy free work; can I so understand it? Ah, no; this is but my own explanation of a problem that cannot be solved.



Of this only am I satisfied, that there is nothing too wild, too wonderful, too incredible to happen; yet we are unbelievers, and with the wonder age, increase the age of incredulity.

Take the world as it is, with all its marvels, and does one find that faith is on the increase? Nay, faith has rather run into machinery—into mere mechanism, carrying out the practical, until the world runs upon its world-made wheels and faith is over-ridden. Yet is faith needed more and more, since only by faith the light shall come. Oh, weary, weary world, what dark clouds hover over thee!

So I, Joyce Dormer, write, having fallen into a reverie, and seeing all things, as bits of jagged glass and odds and ends in a kaleidoscope, from a heterogeneous heap framing themselves into thence patterns.

Mr. Lynn, Mr. Withers, Mr. Carmichael, Doris, have all leaped up into their respective nothings; and the upbuilding of my story, strange as it seemed at first to me, is growing more satisfactory.

It is not so with Doris; the effect the revelation has had upon her perplexes me. She is distressed beyond measure, and completely unstrung. After she recovered from her fainting fit, she seemed stupefied, and has been lying in a state of lethargy all day.

She roused herself up this afternoon, and we talked the matter over.

"Joyce," she said, "do you believe in Uncle Carmichael?"

"I had many times told her I did not; but I repeated it, as it seemed to afford her satisfaction."

"I believe him to be capable of doing anything to accomplish his own ends," she said.

"But, Doris," I answered, "in this case I do not see what end he has to accomplish. It is natural he should wish his sister's marriage to be acknowledged, and her child to have a share of her father's love."

"But I had never missed it—never wanted it; why could not he let the past be buried in the grave? why need he raise the stone, and let the dead past come back to life? It would have been happier, far happier for Mr. Lynn to have believed my mother drowned long ago, than to know that she has lived and yet been dead to him; to have been comparatively near, and yet so far off. Joyce, it must be torture—madness to him to think of it. How he must hate Uncle Carmichael! One word from him would have brought them together for one last look; they would have spoken once more to each other before her lips were sealed for ever."

"But Mr. Carmichael did not know this was on her death-bed that his sister was Mr. Lynn's wife. Doris, I believe that everything is ordered wisely. Look back and answer, would it have been for his happiness to have known it then?"

"Doris hid her face."

"Joyce, I am so glad that Mrs. Lynn is dead!"

"So was I, though the thought had not struck me before."

"I shall never be happy again," moaned Doris. "Why was I born to bring so much misery upon those I would not harm?"

"Miser, Doris!" I exclaimed, "happiest! You did not see Mr. Lynn as I did, or you would have no fears. Think what it will be to him to have a daughter who can soothe his heart, and tell him all he so much longs to know of the life of her who has never left his thought throughout his lifetime—a daughter who has closed the eyes of the two dearest on earth to him. Doris, there is happiness, there is peace for you!"

"But Doris was not comforted."

"And this is what Uncle Carmichael has been hinting at," said Doris. "I am the eldest child, and shall rob poor Archie of his fortune, it is tied down upon the eldest child, my uncle says. My dream has come to pass. Joyce, Joyce, you said you would be my friend in time of need; what shall I do?"

"I told her that she needlessly fretted herself, that Mr. Lynn would hold her guiltless of inflicting any injury, that he would willingly give up the property to Archie."

"But, Archie, Archie, I will never touch a shilling of that property, it shall all be his. Why did I ever come to Green Oaks? O mother, mother! would that I were lying in the grave beside you. Little did you think of the sorrow your child would work when you had gone!"

"Doris is very strange, she has no desire to see Mr. Lynn; she says she is not well enough, that she must have time to think, to believe in what has happened. She will not believe it until Mr. Carmichael proves it by documents. What fancy has she got into her head? As if there were anything to doubt!"

Mr. Carmichael goes softly about the house rubbing his hands gently, and drawing his mouth into an imitation of a benevolent smile. He congratulates himself upon his niece being betrothed to so excellent a property as Lynn Court. And he remarks to Aunt Lotty that he has been, agreeably disappointed in Mr. Greaford Lynn.

Aunt Lotty is very glad to hear it, for now there will be no objection to the little Lynn coming to Green Oaks.

And Mr. Carmichael replies that there will be none at all, since they are Doris's step-brothers.

This is a new source of bewilderment to Aunt Lotty, whose ideas have not yet recovered the confusion into which they have been thrown. Nevertheless she indulges in pleasant day-dreams. She has not yet had time to grapple with the subject. But she has explained it to her as clearly as I can, but she is not quite at home in all her branches.

"Joyce," she said, after she had been musing for some minutes, "I wonder what Mr. Greaford will think of this?"

"I had not had time to think of Mr. Greaford. I freed, I was hoping that I was forgetting him, but Aunt Lotty's words brought me back to a true knowledge of myself, and a little twinge of conscience—no, I will not call it that, for I am sure that it is not the right name to give it, but a little twinge that will sometimes come into my heart in spite of myself, but which I am determined to conquer. Begone, evil spirit, for jealousy has no place in a true heart."

Thus I exorcised the demon for awhile, and listened to Aunt Lotty.

She hoped that Mr. Lynn would have no objection to Mr. Greaford, she was sure he could not have any. And then there would be a wedding after all, only it would not be at Green Oaks. Still she should have a great deal to do with it, as Doris had no mother. And then she added, with a look of great relief, "No doubt Mr. Lynn has plenty of friends and relations, so there will be no difficulty about bridesmaids, and that, you know, Joyce, was always the great difficulty."

Aunt Lotty, you've had a smooth and easy life, if it has been rather a dull one, so you don't know much about difficulties. But in this case I could not help acknowledging that there could be no difficulties at all.

"I think," I suggested, "that Mr. Lynn will like Mr. Greaford much better than Mr. Carmichael does."

"I am glad to hear you say so, Joyce; not that I think Mr. Carmichael disliked Mr. Greaford; he was very kind and polite to him, and took a great deal of trouble in talking to him; but you see he knew all about this wonderful matter, that we knew nothing of; so he would not like to encourage anything of which Mr. Lynn would not approve. I see it all now—Mr. Carmichael is so very sensible. It is so delightful to have some one sensible to rely upon."

And Aunt Lotty again lulled herself into the belief that she had been a fortunate woman in her choice.

As long as a woman firmly believes in a creed of this sort, whatever her husband may be, she is not to be pitied. To her he is still her ideal, and lives in her eyes invested with the qualities that she has lavishly bestowed upon him. It is not until she comes to wake from this dream, and the ideal passes into rude reality, that we need waste our compassion upon her. Aunt Lotty's waking time had not yet arrived; perhaps it might never come. Happily might she slumber on to the end.

I went back to Doris, and found her lying on the bed sleeping peacefully. Her dark hair was all loose, and her face looked worn and weary. She was too much exhausted to be dreaming now, but had fallen into a heavy sleep. So I moved quietly from the bedside, and went into the little porch room again.

I drew my chair close up to the fire, and there I sat looking at pictures in the glowing embers. I did not light a candle, though the dusk was creeping on. It was pleasant to sit in the fire-light and be still for awhile after the agitation into which we had been thrown. There was something very luxurious in the feeling that stole over me, and I could almost have wished that the moment might be prolonged into eternity, so full of rest and peace it seemed. I looked not back into the past; neither forward into the future; the present, as an angel, with outstretched wings, had overshadowed me, and I was borne into the regions of blissfulness.

I had been sitting thus for half an hour, or more, when Doris touched me on the shoulder. She had stolen so softly into the room that I had not heard her.

"Have you a candle, Joyce?"

"Yes."

"Light it, and give it me."

I lighted it.

"What is the matter, Doris?" I asked; for looking in her face I perceived that some new idea was working in her mind.

"My mother's packet."

"Well?"

"I might open it if I ever needed assistance," said she, "and heaven knows I need it now."

She took the candle, and in a moment I heard her unlock the box. Then she returned with the packet in her hand.

She sat down by me, and turned it over and over, now examining the seal, now gazing at the superscription. She could not quite make up her mind to open it.

"Joyce, if ever I wanted assistance I want it now. You don't know what I feel. You think that everything is clear, that a smooth path is before me; but I can't get rid of prepossessions. Perhaps I am foolish, but this has come so suddenly; it is so incredible that I want more proof than Uncle Carmichael has given me. It seems to me that the voice of my mother alone can ease my doubts and fears. Perhaps she looked forward to this crisis, and I shall find in this packet words to guide me. Do you think the time has come to open it?"

"I do," I answered.

"Will you open it?" she asked, holding out the packet towards me.

"No, Doris; that is for you to do."

Her hand trembled and her eyes filled with tears as she exclaimed once more,

"Give me a pair of scissors, Joyce; I cannot break her seal!"

Tenderly she cut round its edges—then she waited again—then she turned back one fold of paper, then another; it was but the envelope to another packet.

Doris lifted it up—there was writing upon it also.

She read it, and I read it; and the words we read were these—

"To be given to John Greaford Lynn, of Lynn Court."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

At the cable festival Hon. Charles Francis Adams expressed his belief that some day or other all business communications between England and America would pass through the cable, and that it would probably lead to the abolition of the office which he held, for the completion of the diplomat would cease when governments could correspond direct with each other.

The trial of the new railroad contractor has been a complete success. The machine levels the track, lays the ties, deposits the rails and nails them to their places. It is estimated that with a complement of twenty men it will do as much work per day as two hundred men without the aid of the constructor.

The recent order of the State Constable stepping all sales of liquor at wholesale, on and after April 1, makes the trade at Boston unusually brisk. It is estimated that the daily sales will reach \$100,000.

The trustees of Phillips's Academy, Andover, Mass., have added ten-pin alleys to their new gymnasium.

The size of farms is growing small in California. Formerly the average was 4,000 acres; now it is 100 acres.

At a ball at the Tuileries, the Russian Princess Kimsay Karakova wore a dress the material of which was completely invisible, so closely was it covered with fresh roses and diamonds.

The Ganges carries away from the soil of India and delivers into the sea twice as much soil substance weekly, as is contained in the great Pyramid of Egypt. The luscious sweep of from Barmah sixty-two cubic feet of earth in every second of time.

In the Cottage Gardeners is an account of an enormous grape vine on the coast between Tyne and Sidon. Its branches into two stems, one of which was 30 inches in circumference, and the other 20 inches.

A lady in St. Louis advises for a "bump" who "knows a slapjack from a boot jack," and who will not "wash her feet in the dust-bath instead of the wash-bub."

## SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1867.

### OUR NOVELETS.

We bespeak attention to our new novelet, which we think will be a worthy successor to the greatly admired story of "Hearts Errant." It is called,

#### JOYCE DORMER'S STORY;

BY JEAN BONCEUR—

and will run through a number of papers. We are glad to find that our novelets, stories, &c., are giving so much satisfaction to our readers.

We are still able to supply back numbers to the first of January, containing the whole of Mr. Bennett's deeply interesting novelet, "The Outlaw's Daughter."

### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

BACK BONE: Photographed from "The Scapula." By EDWARD H. DIXON, M.D. Published by R. M. De Witt, New York; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

THE ENGLISH OF SHAKESPEARE: Illustrated in a Philological Commentary on his Julius Cæsar. By GEORGE L. CRAIK, Professor in Queen's College, Belfast. Edited from the third London edition, by W. J. ROYCE, Master of the High School, Cambridge, Mass. Published by Crosby & Ainsworth, Boston; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES. By CHARLES DICKENS. With Original Illustrations. Author's American Edition. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

THE WEBSTER ELEMENTARY READER. Designed to follow Webster's Elementary Spelling Book. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

SYDNEY'S SECOND LOVE. By JULIA KAYANAGH, author of "Beatrice," "Nathalie," &c. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by D. Ashmead, Phila.

OLIVER OPTIC'S MAGAZINE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS. Published every week, by Lee & Shepard, Boston. Among the contributors to this excellent weekly for the boys and girls are Julia Ward Howe, Louise Chandler Moulton, Sophie May, Amanda M. Douglas, and perhaps best of all, the famous "Oliver Optic" himself. The price is \$2 a year, or 5 cents a single number.

Gambling in grain is speculated in a lot of rice.

According to the Maine Farmer, the Spragues propose to erect at Augusta five mills as soon as may be, each running 100,000 spindles, making 500,000, which are several thousand more than there are in the whole of Lowell.

A Pike's Peak miner, writing to a Minnesota paper, says the miners are much discouraged in that region, "they have to dig through a solid vein of silver four feet thick before they reach the gold."

TO PURE SMOKERS.—Smoking and chewing tobacco are to be wholly avoided as injurious to the pure quality of the voice. The use of sweetmeats, candies, trachea, rich pastries and puddings, and high seasoned meats, though not as bad as tobacco, impairs the vocal organs. Cold water is the best application for the throat, both externally and internally, though the practice of taking a sip of it from time to time while speaking is in bad taste, and produces no useful effect even in the hottest weather.

A Paris correspondent says, "Epicurean luxury has found a new use for flowers. Violets are eaten with cream and sugar. The other evening, at an Apollon dinner, given by a merchant prince, they were forthcoming. They were very nice; the violets taste as they smell."

Manhood should learn temperance from the moon—the fuller she gets, the shorter her horns become.

A fashionable clergyman of this city was complaining to a married daughter, whom he was visiting, that he was unwell and had lived for the two previous weeks on water-groats. "Perhaps, father," said the affectionate daughter, "some of it has got into your sermons."

ENGLISH FOMORS IN IRELAND.—It is computed that England, at last accounts, had in Ireland 25,000 regular troops, composed of infantry, cavalry, artillery and engineers; the constabulary, numbering 11,000 men; the Dublin Metropolitan constables, 1,000; and the local force of towns, 200—in addition to which may be computed 100 detectives, making a total force of 38,000, exclusive of special constables, marines and loyalist protection corps.

"Mum" is used as a title for ladies on account of their well known love of silence.

What's in a Name?—Everything is in an aim, if you wish to shoot straight.

Miss Ida Lewis, daughter of the light-house keeper at Lime Rock, off Newport, R. I., saved a man from freezing to death recently. This is the fifth life she has saved during the past few months.

Father Webb, of Barnstable, Mass., died last week, at the age of eighty-eight years and eleven months. He was the oldest Methodist minister living, having entered the first conference in Maine, in 1808. He retired from the active labors of the church in 1853.

John Hale, a boy of sixteen years, has walked from Providence to California, by the Overland Route, and arrived in San Francisco hale and hearty.

Contentment is the great sweetener of life in every state.

A gentleman, parting with a lazy servant woman, was asked whether she was "afraid of work." "Oh, not at all," said he, "not at all; she'll frequently lie down and fall asleep by the side of it."

An exchange, in speaking of the magical strains of a hand organ says: "When he played 'Old Dog Tray,' we noticed eleven pups sitting in front of the machine on their haunches, brushing the tears from their eyes with their fore paws."

Killing two stockings at one time is taught for a guinea, in London.

### Death In-doors.

Multitudes of persons have a great horror of going out of doors for fear of taking cold. If it is a little damp, or a little windy, or a little cold, they wait, and wait, and wait. Meanwhile weeks and even months pass away, and they never, during that whole time, breathe a single breath of pure air. The result is, that they become so enfeebled that their constitutions have no power of resistance; the least thing in the world gives them a cold—even going from one room to another—and before they know it they have a cold all the time; and this is nothing more nor less than consumption. Whereas if an opposite practice had been followed of going out for an hour or two every day, regardless of the weather, the more a person is out of doors the less easily does he take cold. It is a widely-known fact that persons who camp out every night, or sleep under a tree for weeks together, seldom take cold at all.

The truth is, many of our ailments, and those of a most fatal form, are taken in the house, and not out of doors; taken by removing parts of clothing too soon after coming into the house; or lying on a bed or sofa when in a tired or exhausted condition from having engaged too vigorously in domestic employments. Many a pie has cost an industrious man a hundred dollars. A human life has many a time paid for an apple dumpling. When our wives get to work they become so interested in it that they find themselves in an utterly exhausted condition; their ambition to complete a thing, to do some work well, sustains them until it is completed. The mental and physical condition is one of exhaustion, when a breath of air will give a cold to settle in the joints, to wake up the next day with inflammatory rheumatism, or with a feeling of stiffness or soreness, as if they had been pounded in a bag, or a sore throat to worry and trouble them for months, or lung fever to put them in the grave in less than a week.

Wives should work by the day, if they must work at all, and not by the job; it is more economical in the end to see how little work they can do in an hour, instead of how much. It is slow, steady, continuous labor which brings health and strength and a good digestion. Fifth labor is ruinous to all.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

THE RECENT NEW ENGLAND ELECTIONS.—The official figures of the Connecticut and Rhode Island elections are not yet announced. In Connecticut, the Democrats claim a majority of 1,025 for English. The Republicans give the following for their return: English, D. 45,787; Hawley, R. 44,808—a Democratic majority of 979. As compared with the election of 1866, the Democratic vote has increased 2,554, and the Republican vote has increased 834—a net Democratic gain of 1,720. In the Lower House of the Legislature, the Republicans claim 16 majority; in the Senate they have 1 majority, and this was secured by the election of a Republican Senator in one of the districts by the small majority of four votes. The Boston Traveler states that James E. English is the first Democratic Governor chosen in any New England state since 1854.

In Rhode Island, Burnside, R., at the recent election received 7,872 votes for Governor, and Pierce, D. 3,178, a Republican majority of 4,694. Last year Burnside, R., received 8,197 votes, and Pierce, D. 2,816, a Republican majority of 5,381. The vote was light at both elections, and in 1867, as compared with 1866, the Republicans lost 245 votes and the Democrats gained 354, so that the Republican majority was reduced 1,187. In the State Senate the Republicans have 22 majority, as compared with 23 majority last year, and in the House they have 54 majority, as compared with 58 majority last year.

The Insurrection in Haiti has finally been suppressed by President Guffard, after a desperate conflict with the insurgents, in which many lives were lost. This is the fifth revolution Guffard has had to contend against.

The Civil Rights Bill has raised an interesting question in Alabama. A justice of the peace has been arrested for violating this law, in ordering a negro to be whipped for stealing, instead of sending him to jail. The justice pleads that he made the order because the negro requested to be whipped instead of being imprisoned. Whether the justice should be punished for doing what the negro asked, is puzzling the Alabama lawyers.

At Albany, last week, a lady who had been in ill health for some time, narrowly escaped being strangled by a huge worm that made its way up into her throat. The neighbors were called in, when they succeeded in removing the obstruction and saving her life.

Garibaldi has assumed sacerdotal functions. He recently gave public baptism to an infant at Verona, using a singular and somewhat irrelevant formula. The facts, which have caused much scandal in Europe, are given in detail by a correspondent of the London Morning Advertiser.

In the Supreme Court of the United States, Judge Sharkey, of Mississippi, filed an application for an injunction to restrain the execution of the Reconstruction Act. It will come up for argument on Friday.

THE MAGIC COFFEE SETTLER.—A new kitchen utensil, called the Magic Coffee Settler, has recently attracted attention. It costs only fifty cents, and is said to do its work well. It is a perforated cup of tin, surmounted by a cone, and literally traps all the coffee grounds and strains the liquid clear of all sediment.

The fifteen hundred black slaves of the harem at Constantinople cost monthly over fifteen hundred thousand piastres.

Mr. John Thompson, known as "Smoking Johnny," from his inveterate use of tobacco, died last week at Salem, Ind., at the age of over one hundred years. It was noticeable in his case, as in that of many other centenarians, that while he recollected scarcely anything that took place within the last few years, his memory of events which occurred in his early days was remarkably vivid and tenacious.

More than one half of the Episcopal churches in this country have one of the six following names:—Christ, St. John, St. Paul, Trinity, Grace and St. James.

Miss Pepper, of Philadelphia, resembles the French Empress more than any other lady in America.

Whiskey is now made from coal smoke in England.

Truth is the only reparation that can be made for years of injustice.

Tennyson is a great smoker. Nearly all the American poets are experts in "blowing clouds."

### THE SUB-TREASURY.

Argosies of Gold—Ninety Tons of Coin in Safe.

The vaults of the United States Sub-Treasury are said to exceed in size those of the Bank of England. The strong and burglar-proof manner in which they have been constructed excites the admiration of all beholders. There are two of these immense vaults, one at each corner of the Pine street end of the rotunda. The rooms are, perhaps, twenty feet long by fifteen feet wide, and ten or twelve feet high. They contain no window; there is but one door opening into each, and gas-lights are kept burning inside.

The internal appearance of these vaults has a striking resemblance to a fashionable tomb in Greenwood Cemetery, rows of cases being arranged around the sides of the room, each about two feet square, with iron doors attached. There is one door for each case and when the apartment has been filled with bags of gold or bundles of greenbacks, the doors are closed. Each case will contain half a million of dollars, put up in bags of five thousand dollars each. When a case is thus filled, the door is closed, and a real is affixed in the presence of the Naval Officer and the Surveyor of the Port. It takes one hundred bags to hold half a million of dollars. In the first vault entered, there were seventy-two compartments arranged round the room, which formed a tier somewhat higher than a man's head.

Running over the top of these was a balcony with an iron railing in front; there was piled up in this balcony, in one heap, six millions of dollars in five and ten dollar bills; one-half million of dollars in internal revenue stamps, fifty thousand dollars in fractional currency, put up in large paper boxes, and five and one-half millions in United States bonds.

The floor of the vault rests on thirty feet of solid masonry, from the ground up. On the top of this granite there are two feet of wrought iron, and between the iron plates a space filled up with bullets. If a rogue should succeed in boring through the granite and iron, the moment his drill touched a bullet, that would commence to revolve, and by the time he had penetrated it, another ball would drop in its place; in this way he would soon find that he had an endless job before him, and the attempt to get into the vault would have to be abandoned.

The sides and top of the room are composed of eight feet of granite and two of iron, arranged in the same manner as for the floor. This safe, as it is called, was invented by Mr. Isaac Rogers. Mr. Rogers once remarked that if the people at the Treasury building should happen to get locked out of the safe it would take him a month to break into it. A night watch is kept to look after these strong boxes, but they are considered perfectly safe without him.

There are four doors to be opened, one after the other, before we can enter the safe. Each one of these doors weighs two tons, and contains locks of different patterns. A lever is so arranged that after the doors are closed, four large iron bolts are thrown across the door-way, resting in sockets, which have been made in a pillar of wrought iron. If a thief should succeed in cutting the hinges of one of these doors, usually considered to be the most vulnerable point, the door would not drop down from its place, and nothing would be gained. Like the deacon's celebrated one-horse shay, these doors are made as strong in one part as in another, and the hinges show no signs of weakness. It will take a fearful earthquake to shake them down.

No good idea can be given to the reader of the locks and their operation, but a few general remarks may be of interest. The first door has one of Dobb's Eureka locks; there is no key-hole for this, and the outside combination wheel is divided into the letters of the alphabet, the nine units, and fractions of figures. The combinations which may be made by this arrangement are endless, and no one can open the lock, shoving back the bolts, unless he knows the words, figures and fractions which have been used in locking the door.

Even if a person was so fortunate as to get from Mr. Birdall the combination, he must have an extensive acquaintance with the lock to know how to manipulate it correctly. The second door contains an Ickam lock, which is altogether different from Dobb's lock. The third door has L. Gale's Monitor lock, and the fourth door contains Gale's double Treasury locks. From one of these doors, after it has been fastened, a portion of the lock is taken off, and put under lock and key in some secret place. Without this it would be useless to attempt to get into the safe.

The second vault is much larger than the first one described, but just as difficult to get into. There are one hundred and twenty cases in this room where gold can be put and sealed up. At the time we looked into the vault there were ninety tons, or forty-five millions of dollars in gold stored in the room, and twenty millions in paper. The greenbacks, as they are paid into the Treasury, are put up in packages of one thousand bills each, all of the same denomination. A package of one dollar bills contains one thousand dollars; of five dollar bills, five thousand dollars; of five hundred dollar bills, five hundred thousand dollars.

In one small box were shown six small packages, each of which contained one million of dollars. Money is handled in the Treasury building in a wholesale manner, packing trunks standing about full of it, large willow baskets on wheels being used to carry it in, &c. The sight of it becomes so common that the clerks employed regard it with the utmost indifference, handling it as they would so much brown paper.

The vestibule of the second vault is called the book vault, and contains the cancelled obligations of the United States, a ton or two of paymaster's checks. All these books and checks are carefully preserved.—*N. Y. Gazette.*

A German has hit upon an invention by which hens and other poultry are persuaded to lay eggs of three the ordinary size.

Another Washington, relative of the immortal George, has recently died at Culpepper Court-house.

A quaint missionary in Rhode Island—being asked his age—said "fifteen years," for having lived his allotted time he had begun anew—in his count.

"The crows behold the cornfields green From off the mountain gray; And thankful for kind Nature's gifts, They all descend and prey."

Seven thousand dollars' worth of shade trees have just been planted in New Orleans.

Be temperate in diet. Our first parents ate themselves out of house and home.



## South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,  
BY COSMO.A BRIEF EXPLANATION—PERUVIAN NATIONAL  
ROAD—AN ANCIENT VIADUCT—AFTER DINNER  
AMUSEMENTS—A STARTLING INCIDENT—EL CA-  
PELLA SERPENTE—EXPLODING A HUMBUNG—  
SWING ME TO SLEEP, MOTHER.

I pause here to explain briefly that in the de-  
struction of Tambobamba was exempt from the  
universal tropical curse of insect pests. I had  
forgotten to add that the suburb of Villa Al-  
mendral, singular as it may seem, is an excep-  
tion to the rule—swarming, as I have already  
stated in the sketch descriptive of that suburban  
city of palaces and hovels, with flies, fleas, bugs,  
bites, ticks, tarantulas, and all the legions of  
atomic insects inimical to humanity.

A legend is current that when the good old  
padre banished all the reptiles and noxious in-  
sects from Tambobamba, there dwelt at the Al-  
mendral an old Inca magician of wonderful  
power, who like the magicians of Egypt in their  
rivalry of Moses might, befriending the banished  
bugs and creeping things, calling them to the  
Almendral, so many as could find foothold, until  
ground and vegetation were covered, and every  
hollow, chink and corner was crowded with  
atomic outcasts, to whom the awful old Inca  
gave asylum so secure that the utmost efforts  
and exorcisms of the good old Benedictine were  
powerless to expel them, and ever since the an-  
noying pests have swarmed in countless millions,  
legitimate inhabitants of the Almendral, close com-  
panions of their human fellow citizens.

Having taken our departure from Tambo-  
bamba at sunrise, towards mid-day and at the  
distance of about six leagues, going in a direc-  
tion nearly northwest towards Ayacucho, we  
came obliquely upon the ancient road, a portion  
of the once magnificent system of Peruvian  
highways, claimed by the traditions of the  
country to have been completed and in use long  
before the erection of the mighty sun-temples at  
Cuzco, Tumbes and Lake Titicaca. The great  
national thoroughfare, of which this particular  
portion is in a better state of preservation than  
any other in the country, made one leg of an  
equilateral triangle, connecting the cities of  
Cuzco, Tambobamba and Ayacucho, the first  
famous for the time immemorial as the city of the  
great sun-temple and Peru's sacred archives;  
the second celebrated for unique peculiarities;  
and the third more notorious for the great battle  
between the armies of old Spain and the Patriots  
under Don Simon Bolivar the Liberator in 1824.  
It was this ceaseless conflict that terminated  
the vice royal rule of Spain and made her South  
American provinces of the West Coast inde-  
pendent republics.

We had upon previous occasions encountered  
portions of the great thoroughfare of the an-  
cient Inca empire, but in no other instance had  
we found evidence of such display of science  
and mechanical skill in construction, or the  
roads so little affected by the tooth of time.  
Where we first came upon the road it was a  
raised way, spanning a valley more than  
two miles in breadth. The embankment was  
not built up level, but swept downwards in a  
regular curve from either side, making a grade  
of some thirty feet from the centre each way.  
Neither did the raised way run in a right line  
across the valley in the general direction of the  
road, but swerved in several bends considerably  
to the right and left, following the course of a  
somewhat serpentine transverse ridge, showing  
that the ancient Inca engineers were clever in  
their science and economical too, understanding  
very well that every foot of foundation built up  
by nature was worth ten in the distance, so that  
the indirect route across the valley was infinitely  
the cheapest.

The base of the embankment is made of  
great masses of stone in the rough, piled  
promiscuously, which must have been quarried  
from ledges along the spurs of sierras several  
miles distant, and conveyed to the work by  
some powerful mechanical means of which the  
ancient Peruvians seem to have been masters,  
the nature of which neither history or tradi-  
tion have left us any clue to the nature of. Un-  
derneath, at distances about equally divided,  
were three correctly constructed culverts, of suf-  
ficient capacity to carry off the waters of any  
flood, to which these interior Andean streams  
are frequently subject.

Whether this mass of piled up rocks, having  
at several points an elevation of more than fifty  
feet, with a breadth of base of a hundred at  
least, sloping into fifty at the top, was originally  
covered with earth, can only be a matter of con-  
jecture. Probably it was, as the soil which now  
envelops it several feet in depth all along the  
level surface, but so sparingly down the sides  
that the artificial rock work crops through in  
many places, is not a vegetable mould, such as  
would be made up by generations of plants  
gone to decay, but is an alluvium, mixed with  
gravel, identical with the composition which  
forms the soil of the bottom of the valley. The  
level surface is grown up thickly with trees as  
sturdy in growth as any in the forests of Peru,  
while the slopes on either side are perfect  
jungles of smaller trees, shrubs and a hundred  
varieties of wild vine, and tangling the  
whole into an obstinate network almost impen-  
etrable.

Such an inundation, as it were, of animate ex-  
istence, we had never before met with, as there  
was above, below, behind, on either hand and  
all around us as we passed along this ancient  
Peruvian highway to about the centre of the val-  
ley, where we came to a halt, dismounted and  
proceeded to investigate the economy and archi-  
tecture of the old Inca embankment. Monkeys  
more than could be counted were scampering to  
and fro in the tree tops and clinging to pendant  
branches, chattering an interminable jargon, fre-  
quently within a few inches of our ears, serpents,  
great and small and many colored, glided across  
our way and under our horses' feet, utterly  
heedless of our presence; birds of bright plu-  
mage and numberless in variety flitted among  
the luxuriant foliage, like warbling vireos, sing-  
ing sweetly in musical discord; scorpions, centi-  
pedes, tarantulas and lizards of all shapes, sizes  
and colors, darted and ran in all directions.  
In short, the old Peruvian highway, with its jungle  
sides and dark shaded summit, appeared to be  
a perfect paradise of all pests and pretty live  
creatures ever found in a Peruvian forest. Gator  
expressed an opinion that of all the many mil-  
lions of insect and reptile pests banished by the  
good old Benedictine padre from Tambobamba,  
a very large majority had found asylum in the  
congenial covers of this old Inca viaduct, where  
they had continued to multiply at the rate of  
sixty thousand per cent. per annum ever since.

Having devoted three hours to inspection and

investigation and another to dinner, we had dis-  
posed ourselves in almost as many ways as there  
were persons of our company. Dr. Bond was in  
a deep antiquarian puzzle over some relics of  
ancient Inca art he had found in one of the  
arched culverts; Elithy was transferring to her  
portfolio a brilliant tunic, with a bill bigger  
than his body; our assistant Swede was arranging  
and numbering botanical specimens; Dana An-  
gela was petting and caressing a poor, pretty  
bird, that an irate monkey had cuffed from its  
perch and sent fluttering down to her feet;  
Minnie and Arthur Esling were quietly at work  
civilizing an overgrown scorpion by pinning his  
fast to the ground with divers skewers, driven  
through his body and limbs; Consul Marsden  
sat bolstered by the trunk of a tree fast asleep;  
Monteiro lay flat on his back, making lazy feints  
with his lasso at an impudent monkey that kept  
grinning and chattering at him from a branch  
just over his head. Our pretty Bell Bird of the  
Val de Dulce sat leaning against the stem of a  
low branching tree, busily weaving a wreath of  
bright feathers and the delicate downy spray of  
a sort of purple grass gathered in one of the  
avenues of Tambobamba. At a little distance  
from our bug hunter's girl wife, Arline Esling  
sat in the shade, industriously removing from  
the polished blade of her lance some flecks of  
rust with a drop or two of oil and a bit of  
pumice stone.

The afternoon was excessively warm, not a  
breath of air stirred a leaf, no one seemed dis-  
posed to conversation, even the birds and mon-  
keys appeared drowsy—dogs lay stretched out,  
horses and mules stood with heads drooping and  
closed eyes, and all symptoms indicated an early  
and universal siesta of everybody and every-  
thing animate.

Suddenly came an energetic—"Caramba!"  
from Arline Esling, then a shrill cry of terror  
from the pretty Bell Bird, lost in an angry—"Ir-  
ra-rr-a!" from Monteiro—a short whirr-r-r-r-r-  
and in a wink, men, women, horses, dogs, mon-  
keys, birds—the camp and everything in and  
about it was wide awake. There stood Arline  
Esling, like another Diana, grasping the shaft  
of her spear, the keen, bright blade driven en-  
tirely through the neck of a monstrous serpent,  
the nose of Monteiro's lasso was tightened about  
the great snake close to Arline's weapon, and  
our Brazilian companion was tugging with  
all his might—carrahoning furiously—to prevent  
the lassoed and lassoed serpent from dragging  
lance, Arline, and all out of camp, into the  
jungle.

For a few moments there was consternation  
and such confusion as if Pandemonium had let  
out all its discord in that sylvan shade. Men  
shouted, women shrieked, dogs barked, monkeys  
chattered, and birds twittered—Dr. Bond fairly  
turned a backward somersault; Her Von Platen  
scattered his botanic specimens in as many di-  
rections as there are points to the compass.  
Then there were several rapid shots from the  
revolvers of Col. Esling and his nephew Arthur,  
which effectively settled the snake, and coming  
back to something like quiet, we learned from  
Monteiro the origin of all the hurrah.

One of those serpent monsters of the Inca  
family, called by the Spaniards *El Capello Ser-  
piente*, having been concealed in the branches  
of the tree against the bell of which Dona Car-  
dinele was sitting so industriously weaving her  
wreath, had let himself down silently, and his  
great hooded head was within a few inches of  
hers when Arline and Monteiro both happened  
to discover him at the same moment. Arline's  
spear was driven through the monster's neck,  
and in the same breath the lasso of Monteiro  
enveloped the serpent at the same point. Taken  
thus by surprise and disconcerted by double  
torture, the great bea unwound his tail from its  
hold upon the branches overhead and came down  
with a *whallop*, overturning Dona Cardinele, and  
was struggling hard to escape from Arline and  
Monteiro when the bullets put an end to both  
the tangle and his existence.

Her Von Platen who loved his Dulcinea with  
ten times more than anything else on earth—his  
own life included, comprehending at a glance  
the great peril to which she had been exposed,  
and by almost a miracle, escaped from, sprang  
forward with one frantic yell, caught his rescued  
Bell Bird in his arms, held her for one moment  
close to his heart, and the next, uttering another  
yell, he dropped his lovely girl-wife as if she  
had been the loathsome serpent instead of the  
fair, blooming Hebe he so worshipped. Von  
Platen had got a first fair view of the dead  
snake, and in a second his wife and everything  
else was forgotten. In another he was kneeling  
beside the defunct serpent, his head bent close  
down to that of the hideous creature, which he  
began fondling as if he were going to hug it;  
next: saying in soliloquy the while:

"Why bless me! This is the most fortunate  
thing in the world!" Then, with his eyes spark-  
ling and his fine features all aglow with enthu-  
siasm, he went on: "My friends, listen—look!  
I think you know nothing about this singular  
serpent. I have never seen one before; but I  
know their habits very well. They are common  
in the valley of the Upper Amazon, but I have  
not heard that one has ever been seen in West-  
ern Peru. Now I know that they are here. The  
serpent is a boa as you observe, but he is not a  
constrictor. Neither does it bite its victims  
more than is necessary to hold them secure for  
a purpose it has more fatal. There is no venom  
in the creature's bite. It strikes its fangs into  
its prey, aiming always at the head, if the vic-  
tim be human or one of the larger animals, hold-  
ing firmly until it throws forward over its own  
head and that of its captive, this elastic sheath  
or hood you see drawn back in folds on the  
neck. With this death cap flung over the head,  
and drawn close about the throat, entirely ex-  
cluding the air, the poisonous breath of the  
monster will kill the strongest man before he  
can struggle or make a single outcry. Travel-  
lers, and natives of the upper Amazon frequently  
fall victims to this hooded serpent."

Well assured that Von Platen had told us  
but the simple truth in relation to the serpent,  
we congratulated our Bell Bird upon her narrow  
escape, and voted unanimously to keep a better  
lookout in future, whenever we chanced to dine  
in a jungle, for a visit from *El Capello Ser-  
piente*.

Making a late afternoon and early evening's  
ride by the bright light of a full moon, of some  
six leagues further along the line of the ancient  
Peruvian highway mostly through an open,  
gently undulating country, we found for the  
greater part of the distance only faint traces of  
the road remaining, and nowhere during our  
journey to Ayacucho did we find any portion of  
it in such a state of preservation as the valley  
viaduct.

About noon on the second day of our ride, in  
passing a sort of glade of low, wide branching  
trees skirting the banks of one of the upper

branches of the Ucayali, we discovered the base  
of that marvelous tale told by travellers, of the  
monkey's ingenuity in bridging with monkeys a  
stream they wish to cross and find too deep to  
wade and too rapid to swim. The long bows  
tell us that in such cases, the monkeys congre-  
gate in great numbers and proceed to construct  
a suspension-bridge in this wise:—

Selecting a point where trees grow close to  
the edge of the stream on both sides, the full-  
grown male monkeys ascend one that grows  
nearest the water, and one of their number sus-  
pends himself from a branch far out over the  
water, by his tail. Then a second monkey slips  
down over the first, who grasps him by the tail,  
and thus they tail out and downward a string of  
monkeys long enough to span the stream, when  
they set themselves to swinging, pendulum  
fashion—wider and wider at each successive  
sweep, until at length swinging out at right  
angles from the perpendicular, the last monkey  
in the line grasps a branch of the tree on the  
opposite bank, and there is a living suspension-  
bridge over which all the crowd scamper, when  
monkey No. 1 lets go his tail hold, the string  
swings across by gravity, and the bridge having  
thus swung itself over, breaks up and takes to  
the woods.

Now in South America, through all the regions  
from Panama to about the parallel of 35 deg  
south latitude, there are some ninety species of  
monkeys, several of which have prehensile  
tails by which they are able to suspend them-  
selves for a short time. But not a monkey  
of them all is able to carry by the prehen-  
sile strength of his tail another full grown fel-  
low monkey. So that the story of the monkey  
bridge is preposterous.

Only one species of monkey is found any-  
where west of the Andes. This is a small, active,  
rather intelligent family—feeble and full of  
queer tricks; one of which is undoubtedly the  
origin of the monkey bridge story. The monkey  
mother holding in her arms a baby monkey, sus-  
pends herself by her tail to some flexible branch  
of a tree not far from the ground, and swings to  
and fro in a regular "rock me to sleep mother,"  
fashion. In that wooded glade along the bank  
of the stream we came upon a regular rendez-  
vous of monkeys, and among the thousands,  
there were probably hundreds of mothers sus-  
pended by the tail swinging their babies to  
sleep. Col. Esling said they learned the habit  
from the Peruvian women's practice of hav-  
ing lastingly swinging themselves and babies in  
hammocks, often slung out doors between two  
trees. It is more likely than the story that  
monkeys make bridges of themselves over rivers.

The evil done by the first utterer of a  
slander is small compared with that which is  
spread through a community from the repetition  
of the false tale by idle babblers. These per-  
sons would fain excuse themselves by alleging  
that they had heard it from Mr. Bond-so, a  
Mrs. Such-a-one, or they shelter themselves un-  
der the common generalities of "people say,"  
or "they say." Counterfeited coins and bank  
notes, however ingeniously executed, do no  
harm if they remain in the hands of the original  
forger. It is by their circulation that the people  
suffer. Somebody once said to a sage: "A man  
slandered you in my presence." "If," replied  
the wise man, "you had not listened with plea-  
sure, he would not have defamed me." The re-  
mark was a just one.

The lead pencils of A. W. Faber & Co.,  
are of superior quality; but they failed in one  
case. A person recently bought one, and the  
very next day came back to the store complain-  
ing that he had broken it. "Broken it?" said  
the large-eyed partner. "Well," replied the  
customer, "I confess that I was putting it to  
rather difficult work; for I was trying to figure  
out a profit from my last year's business."

The projected strike of the spinners of  
Manchester, N. H., for ten hours a day has been  
abandoned, and the work proceeds, as usual, in  
the factories. The partial strike for ten hours at  
Lowell, Massachusetts, still continues. It is an  
obstacle in the way of our manufacturers in  
competing with the New England Mills, because  
ten hours is a day's work here, while eleven and  
twelve are a day's work there. And it will be  
still worse, should eight hours be made the  
day's labor here, without any change in New  
England.

The Bishop of London is endeavoring to  
organize a visitation of the poor by the aristoc-  
racy of London. The Telegraph pays a tribute  
to the women who visited the hospitals during  
the cholera epidemic last summer. It says:—  
"Ministers' wives, peer's daughters, and ladies  
of high degree, coming from safe luxurious  
homes, went among the dying and the dead, and  
in great measure stayed the plague by their  
presence. The Bishop says he does not know  
what should have been done without those ad-  
miral helpmates."

The Eastern Massachusetts boat and  
shoe manufacturers feel encouraged. At Hav-  
ersham the February sales were \$557,723, being  
the amount of January, and four times that of  
December.

"Short visits are best," as the fly said  
when he alighted on the hot stove.

The latest substitute for tobacco is dried  
artichoke.

A Chicago caterer has put cooking ranges  
into the sleeping cars that run out of that city,  
so that passengers may have a warm breakfast  
without leaving the cars.

The Raleigh (N. C.) Sentinel says that  
the wheat crop in that state is promising.  
The indications are unfavorable for a good fruit crop.  
In many sections, however, peaches and early  
fruits are in bloom, and vegetation generally is  
making its appearance.

The widow of the lost mate of the Ohio  
steamer General Lytle, which was burned some  
days ago, thus writes the story of her sorrow to  
her friends:—"There were seven others made  
widows," she said, after a moment's pause.  
"One of these, living in Cincinnati, when sud-  
denly told of the death of her husband, looked  
up a moment in utter despair, and fell dead  
without a struggle. She had no children; I  
have five. When my husband's body was brought  
back home two weeks ago, I said to my little  
desolate house two weeks ago, I said to my  
in my anguish, to a neighbor who had come in,  
"I feel as if everything would go into the grave  
with him." My little Freddy, nine years old,  
looked up and said, "Mother, you must not let  
us have God still; He will take care of us."  
Oh," said she, "how he comforted me! If it  
were not for the hope which religion brings, I  
do not think I could live."

By a decision of the French jury, chosen  
to make selections for the great exhibition, the  
French School of Art will be represented by 530  
oil paintings, 102 statues, 41 busts, 83 frames  
of engravings, 25 frames of lithographs, and 25  
of architectural drawing.

## Poisonous Odors.

People have heard of the deleterious effects of  
the perfumes of some flowers to those inhaling  
them, and especially in this the case with the  
lilac, jessamine, hyacinth and tuberose, when  
left in a bedroom during the night. A French  
medical journal (*L'Union Medica*) discourses  
seriously on this matter. It says that the more  
or less fictitious cases of suicide and assassi-  
nations which have been related under these  
heads ought not to make us doubt the asphyx-  
iating power possessed by strongly smelling  
flowers. Certain odoriferous fruits share the  
same deleterious property. We learn from a  
Dijon journal that a grocer, who had slept in a  
small room in which the contents of three chests  
of oranges had been piled up, was found suffo-  
cated in the morning, and was only restored to  
life by the most energetic treatment. The pen-  
etrating odor of quinces may produce similar ac-  
cidents; a woman, having deposited a large  
quantity of this fruit in her room, was also found  
in a state of suffocation by her neighbors, who,  
surprised at not seeing her leave her room, en-  
tered it to ascertain the cause. The inference  
from these facts and others of an analogous  
nature is, that neither strong smelling flowers  
nor fruit should be allowed to remain in a bed-  
chamber during the night, nor in the day either  
if it is occupied, unless the free introduction of  
the outer air be secured by open windows or  
other means of appropriate ventilation.

We do not speak here of that other class of  
odors of a positively offensive nature, mixed  
effluvia resulting from the decay of vegetable  
and animal matters, or of the emanations from  
the human body in certain diseases. There the  
sense of smell acts as a true sentinel, not  
bribed by the pleasantness of the odor, but  
giving early notice of present danger, and thus  
prompting to measures of escape and pre-  
vention.

## Power of a Growing Tree.

Walton Hall had at one time its own corn  
mill, and when that inconvenient necessity no  
longer existed, the mill stone was laid by in an  
orchard and forgotten. The diameter of this  
circular stone measured five feet and a half,  
while its depth averaged seven inches through-  
out; its central hole had a diameter of eleven  
inches. By mere accident some bird or squirrel  
had dropped the fruit of the filbert tree through  
this hole on to the earth, and in 1812 the seed-  
ling was seen rising up through that unwanted  
channel. As its trunk gradually grew through  
this aperture and increased, its power to raise  
the ponderous mass of stone was speculated  
upon by many. Would the filbert tree die in  
the attempt? Would it burst the mill stone? Or  
would it lift it? In the end, the little filbert  
tree lifted the mill stone, and in 1863 were it  
like a crotchet on its trunk, and Mr. Watson  
used to sit upon it under the branching  
shades—*English Paper*.

A farmer in New Lebanon, O., poured oil  
around a spring on his land; an enthusiastic oil  
man saw it, formed a company, and bought the  
farm at a high figure. The "well" has thus far  
refused to yield.

Artemus Ward had a large real ring  
which, he used quaintly to say, he wore only  
during the forenoon, as it fatigued him to carry  
it all day.

Rev. Mr. Stiggins said: "I am a charit-  
able man, and think every one entitled to his  
opinion; and never have selfish malice against  
any one, not even against Mr. Mulberry, who  
has indirectly called me a sinner; but still, if  
the Lord has a thunderbolt to spare, I think  
it would be well bestowed on brother Mulberry's  
head."

Some anxiety has been caused in Imperi-  
al circles in France by the fact that the Prince  
Imperial had hurt his knee, causing a poor state  
of health from which he had not recovered.

A correspondent of a London paper  
complains that the Americans are spending  
their money so freely there, that they get the  
best of everything, and others have to go to the  
wall.

At Hartford, Conn., one day last week,  
a woman whipped her little boy until he became  
senseless, inflicting serious injuries, because he  
played truant.

The Dublin correspondent of the Times,  
says that the Fenians have proved entirely mis-  
taken in their notions that they could beat the  
constabulary in isolated stations, that they had  
corrupted the military, and that their own men  
would fight well.

A TEST OF RELIGION—*Youthful Impu-  
ber*.—Ma, is Mr. Jones a good Christian?  
Mother.—Why, I presume so, Tommy; why  
do you ask?

Tommy.—'Cause he don't smell of his hat  
when he goes up the aisle, like all the deacons  
do!

The Agricultural Society of Tuscarawas  
County, Ohio, offers the following premiums:—  
A premium of \$10 will be paid for the greatest  
number of rat-tails, not less than 1,000 strung  
on a string. The rats to be caught by one  
family, between March 15, 1897, and the time  
of the fair; 21 premium, \$5 for the greatest  
number over 500 and less than 1,000; 3d pre-  
mium, \$3 for the greatest number over 300 and  
less than 500; best rat terrier dog, accompanied  
by at least 10 live rats; also, the trap in which  
they were taken. The rats to be killed by the  
dog on the ground. First premium \$5, second  
premium \$3.

A Scotchman being asked to say what  
he thought "real music," answered, "Real  
music! hoot mon, 'gin ye wad hear real music,  
listen to the bag pipes!"

A Texas planter writes to a Galveston  
paper that an attempt has been made to teach  
monkeys to pick cotton.

A philosophic and thrifty editor thus  
moralizes:—"Either our fashionable young men  
are reared with a sudden fit of economy, or their  
salaries have been cut down, so that they can't  
dress themselves respectably. It is really pain-  
ful to see them going through the streets, their  
thin legs shivering in the scantiest of pants, and  
their coats so short as to leave a considerable  
portion of their bodies exposed to the searching  
March winds."

THE HUMAN VOICE.—The human voice  
has but nine perfect tones, but these can be  
combined in 17,922,180,044 different sounds—  
a remarkable recitation of the fact which probably  
accounts for the amount of discord there is in  
the world.

The Chinese have numerous diseases of  
the eyes, every fifth man having some peculiar de-  
fect, and every fifteenth losing his sight alto-  
gether. They attribute it to the excessive use  
of rice, and the habit of constant shaving.

A jet is no argument, and loud laughter  
no demonstration.

## Remarkable Marriages.

Among the many remarkable marriages on  
record none are more curious than those in  
which the bridegroom has proved to be of the  
same sex as the bride. During the last century  
there lived a woman who dressed in male attire,  
and was constantly going about captivating per-  
sons of her own sex and marrying them. On the  
8th of July, 1777, she was tried in a criminal  
court in London for thus disgusting herself, and  
it was proved that at various times she had been  
married to three women, and "defrauded" them  
of their money and their clothes." The fair  
deceiver was required by the justices to give the  
daughters of the citizens an opportunity of mak-  
ing themselves acquainted with her features by  
standing in the pillory at Chancery; and after  
undergoing this ordeal, she was imprisoned for  
six months.

In 1779, a woman, dressed as a man, went  
courting another woman, and was very favorably  
received. The lady to whom these not very  
delicate attentions were paid was much older  
than the lover, but she was possessed of about  
one hundred pounds, and this was the attraction  
to her adventurous friend. But the intended  
treachery was discovered; and the chronicler  
of the story says, "the old lady proved too  
knowing."

Junie Jane has heard of a man who,  
when he was asked which of his three wives he  
liked best, said he really couldn't tell. It was  
just like eating three remarkably good dinners  
at distant intervals—the last seemed the best.

A young French couple went to a church  
the other day to be married. During the time  
the ecclesiastic who presided at the ceremony  
was addressing them, the bride fell into a deep  
sleep, which lasted till the moment came at  
which the young husband was to put the nuptial  
ring on the finger of his drowsy partner. On  
perceiving her state of unconsciousness he was,  
as may readily be believed, shocked and angry  
at such a flagrant disregard of decency. At the  
conclusion of the ceremony, he informed his  
bride's friends that he would not live with her;  
and, giving two thousand francs, as stipulated  
in the contract, he left her.

SOUTHERN GIRLS.—Within the last year  
twelve of the wealthiest and most beautiful  
young ladies in Nashville, Tenn., have been mar-  
ried to Federal officers. From this we infer  
that the Southern belles are overcoming their  
prejudice toward Yankees—nothing like love  
to settle the difficulties. Cupid's arrows are the  
most dangerous implements of war.

Great fortunes have frequently been re-  
alized by the invention of some toy for children  
which meets the approval of the juvenile critic.  
The invention of the common street toy, known  
as the "Return to Home," is said to have realized  
\$100,000. The "always" woman up and down  
realized \$40,000. The invention of the "Walking  
Doll," which was so fashionable a few years ago,  
made \$75,000 by patent. The dancing "Jim  
Crow" toy, introduced about two years ago, was  
invented by an invalid boy, and won a fortune.

A Mahometan, living at Joppa, was  
greatly grieved because his wife had, for four  
years in succession, presented him with a daugh-  
ter. He told her that he should regard the  
birth of another daughter as a sufficient ground  
for a divorce. The next month (November) the  
poor woman gave birth to four daughters at  
once. The husband was paralyzed with amaze-  
ment, and, regarding this event as a signal  
judgment of God upon him for his previous  
barrenness to his wife, told her that he would  
forgive her, and would not carry out his threat  
of divorce.

What is the difference between the He-  
brew idea of a slave and the modern notion of  
a wash hand stand? The former is stated to be  
"a hewer of wood and drawer of water," while  
the latter is a drawer of wood and ewer of water.

The increase of celibacy in France, and  
especially in Paris, says the New York Post's  
Paris correspondent, is still a subject of discus-  
sion. The government which wants soldiers,  
the manufacturers who want hands, the farmers  
who want laborers, and last, but not least, the  
women who want husbands, ask everybody, ask  
each other, ask in perplexity and consternation:  
"Why don't the men marry?" Pere Hyacinth  
preaches against celibacy at Notre Dame, the  
newspapers preach against it at the street cor-  
ners, yet, as one of them despairingly remarks,  
in an hour's walk from the Madeleine to the  
Bastille, one may now meet at least a hundred  
thousand bachelors.

The Portland (Me.) Press tells a good  
story of the two Barkers, Lewis and David.  
The former is the successful stump speaker and  
wit, the latter the favorite poet and wit. The  
former is stout and tall, the latter is lean and  
thin. The thin man, David, was introduced to  
a stranger, who remarked, "You are much  
smaller than your brother Lewis." "Yes," re-  
plied the poet, "but take the wind out of Lew-  
is, and he would be no bigger than I am." He  
would not spoil a joke for relation's sake.

In a French court, the charge was that  
the prisoner had appropriated his brother's  
share in an estate. "But, Mr. President, my  
brother was in California." "What has that to  
do with it?" "Mr. President, I was perfectly just-  
ified in regarding him as a distant relative."

There is a garden in her face. So  
wrote Richard Allen, the poet. His lady's face  
was not a well-stocked garden; he can only find  
roses, lilies, and cherries in it. We can do more  
than that; we see tulips, and apple in each eye,  
carrots of course her hair is the tulip (what  
color), a little myopia; as we looked her  
full in the face we noticed a black nose, then  
she looked back, then she cast blackish glances  
at us. At her tone, his a little radish, but  
it can't be beat; it is covered with blossoms,  
and her cheeks show a little modest flour.

The Montgomery Mail estimates that if  
the number of white slaves in Alabama were  
averaged three hundred in each county, the negroes  
will have a majority of 3,000 in the state, if they  
all vote together.

"The destiny of the majority of man-  
kind," said a great German historian, "is ob-  
livion; and a very happy destiny it is."

Early in the war, when all were more or  
less green in the war business, an "officer of  
the day" reported to General Sherman that he  
had arrested an officer for some irregularity.  
"What did you do with him?" "Put him in  
the guard house?" "You can't put a commis-  
sioned officer in the guard house!" said Gen-  
eral Sherman, excitedly. "Yes I can," said Green.  
"But that is contrary to the regulations." "I  
don't care what the regulations say, he's there,  
any how!" was the conclusive reply.

Dr. Holmes, in the Atlantic for April,  
bazaars the opinion that "lawyers half learn a  
thing quicker than the members of any other  
profession."



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## THE COMING OF SPRING.

BY J. R. LOWELL.

First come the blackbirds clat'rin' in tall trees,  
 An' settlin' things in windy Congresses,—  
 'Fore long the trees begin to show belief,  
 The maple crimson to a coral reef,  
 Then saffron awnings swing off from all the willows

So plump they look like rafter exterminators,  
 Then grey housewifely little hands unfold  
 Suffer 'n a baby's be at three days old;  
 This is the robin's almanack; he knows  
 That after this there's only blossom snows;  
 So, choosin' out a handy crotch an' spouse,  
 He goes to plant 'em in his adobe house.

Then comes to come a hitch,—things lag behind,  
 Till some fine mornin' Spring makes up her mind,  
 An' er, when snowswelled rivers crash their dams

Heaped up with ice that dovetails in an' jams,  
 A leak comes up 'thru some pin-hole cleft,  
 Grows stronger, fiercer, tears out right an' left,  
 Then all the waters bow themselves an' come,  
 Sudden, in an' great slope of sheddin' foam,  
 Jet's our Spring give ever'thin' in tune  
 An' give one leap from April into June  
 Then all comes crowdin' in, afore you think  
 The oak buds mist the side hill woods with pink,  
 The orchard in the laylock bush is loud,  
 In elms shrouds the flashin' hangbird clings,  
 An' for the summer 'twix his hammock slings,  
 All down the loose-walled lanes in arched flowers,  
 The barby droops its strings of golden flowers,  
 Whose strikin' hearts the school-gals love to try

With pine,—they'll worry you so, boys, bime-by  
 'Nuff sed, June's bridesman, poet of the year,  
 Gladness on wings, the bobolink is here;  
 Half-bird in tip-top apple blossoms he swings,  
 Or climbs against the breeze with quivering wings,  
 Or, givin' way to 't in a meek despair,  
 Runs down, a brook o' laughter, thru the air.

A MODERATE DRINKER.—Now, my friends, (said a Highland preacher,) when you rise in the morning, you will take a dram, an' you'll give the wife a dram; and when you go to the hill, you'll take a dram, and when you'll have put your breakfast in your pail, you'll take a dram; but your no to be aye dram, drammin'. Two measures are good, and your to see them, but no more than that, so when you come fra the hill, you'll take a dram, and so on till bedtime. Now, my friends, I hope you will take my advice, not drink till you be intoxicated, for what the deuce would you be like in the tither world with your brains full o' Highland whiskey. It was far better you was never die at all—far better, my brethren.

A little six-year archin, away up in Maine, being unable to drive an obstinate cow out of the barn, set it on fire. "She run then," so the boy told his mother.

A pin has as much head as a great many authors, and a great deal more point.

## ENDURANCE.

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

How much the heart may bear, and yet not break!  
 How much the flesh may suffer, yet not die!  
 I question much if any pain or ache  
 Of soul or body brings our end more nigh:  
 Death chooses his own time; till that is sworn,  
 All evils may be borne.

We shrink and shudder at the surgeon's knife,  
 Each nerve recoiling from the cruel steel  
 Whose edge seems searching for the quivering life.

Yet to our sense the bitter pangs reveal  
 That still, although the trembling flesh be torn,  
 This also can be borne.

We see a sorrow rising in our way,  
 And try to flee from the approaching ill;  
 We seek some small escape, we weep and pray;  
 But when the blow falls, then our hearts are still;

Not that the pain is of its sharpness shorn,  
 But that it can be borne.

We wind our life about another life,  
 We hold it closer, dearer than our own;  
 Anon it faints and fails in deathly strife,  
 Leaving us stunned, and stricken, and alone;  
 But ah! we do not die with those we mourn;  
 It is also can be borne.

Behold! we live through all things—famine, thirst,  
 Bereavement, pain; all grief and misery,  
 All woe and sorrow; life inflicts its worst  
 On soul and body, but we cannot die,  
 Though we be sick, and tired, and faint, and worn,  
 Lo! all things can be borne.

## GURTHA.

## IN SEVEN CHAPTERS.

## CHAPTER II.

The history of Michael Petcowrie (he had been named after the Cove near which he was found) was this: He was the only human being saved from a vessel wrecked and lost by wreckers' signals. He was adopted by an old man and woman who had lost seven sons at sea, and he grew up to know them as grandfather and grandmother. When found, they guessed him to be about three years old. He spoke some foreign tongue, which no one in those parts could understand, not even the doctor or the parson, and which, of course, he soon forgot in learning that spoken round him. He proved a good lad, was a good grandson to them, worked well for them, kept them in comfort. He had been dead now about a year, the old woman dying three days after the old man. They had left the cottage and a hundred pounds or so, which they had saved, to Michael.

The old woman had been foster-mother to Gurtha's mother (to whom the Grange had belonged), who had grown up in much such a neglected manner as Gurtha, and had made an imprudent marriage. Her husband had deserted her soon after Gurtha was born; for which place he had started in the company of another woman, and with all the money of which he had been able to rob his wife, who died of something that might have been called a broken heart. From the earliest years of her childhood, Gurtha had been in the habit of toddling down to granny's cottage; and at these times she had often been solemnly confided to Michael's care, to be amused on the beach, or occasionally in calm weather, taken out in the boat. Now, Michael was placed in circumstances of peculiar temptation. He loved Gurtha. Well, of course, he did; he had loved her since she was a baby. Yet, but in what fashion, and how strongly he loved her now, he was only just beginning to find out. He hated Edgar. He had more than one good excuse—if any excuse for hatred can be good—for that; he had been played by him more than one ill turn and shabby trick. The simultaneous gratification of this love and this hate was, he believed, in his power. He had no thought that dishonored Gurtha; the bewildering temptation that dazzled him had for sole end and aim the making her his wife, in order that no other man should have power to take her away from him. Of Gurtha's liking, affection, love for him, he could have no doubt. He was very simple and inexperienced, unread in romance, and unlearned in life; between love and love he did not distinguish. Whether that very love which delighted him, which was made up of the love of a sister for a kind brother, of an unloved girl for her one friend, and unconsciously, of a superior for an inferior, would not shut him out from being the object of any other love from her, he never asked himself. That this might be so, he had no suspicion. He had always treated her with chivalrous respect, not designedly or consciously, so much as from instinct and innate honor. He had loved up-wards, never forgetting that she was "a lady." He had never claimed the privileges of a brother; he had never kissed her, or been kissed by her since she was a tiny child, that would be carried in his arms, and would clap him round the neck. Even then, he had been reverent in his caresses.

Now the time seemed come when all must change, when he must give up all love, or have a. He knew enough of the world to know that the girl who left the Grange for a foreign school, could never return to it. She would no longer be the Miss Gurtha who loved him; she would be a fine lady, just like another fine lady, kinder and freer, perhaps, but it would, from the very nature of things, be cut off all question that she would love him. She would have friends who would not deign speak to a common fisherman; she would have lovers in her own rank of life. That was the intolerable thought.

Should he let her go? That was to say, could he give her up for ever? He believed he had the power to keep her. To let her go would, he gave up both revenge and love, all he held dear in life—all he had to hope for—all he had to live for. He could never, he firmly believed, take up with any woman of his own position—any strapping fishing-lad, after having loved a lady. If he did let her go—if he did this give up everything—what should he do for? Her good? He could not see any good that would come of it to her. He did not believe any woman would love her as he did. He would serve her as if he were her slave; he would treat her as if she were his queen. (Poor fool! so ignorant of women as to think that a way to make a woman happy!) And then, if he let her go,

what suffering must come of it to her! Taken away from the sea she loved so, shut away from the sunshine and the sky, deprived of liberty and the free use of her limbs—suffering that perhaps would kill her. He knew what home-sickness was, and could recall the ache of it; for once he had been sent away to the south coast for a pilchard fishing season, and he hadn't been able to bear it, but before a week was out, being sent for ice, he had run away from the master he had been put under, and walked home. It would end in her running away; and then, she being so beautiful a young lady, and the people in foreign parts, as he had heard, so wicked, what would that end in? He savagely kicked the stones out of his path, asking himself again why and for what he should give her up? Difference of rank! Her mother had been a lady for certain, but her father? Then, as to his own rank—who could tell but that his blood was as good as hers! and it was blood the gentry swore by. Times and times, his old granny had told him how she believed he was born of gentle folks—if there were gentle folks in the parts he had come from—because of the fine linen that was round him when he was picked off the wreck; for that matter there were the things in the old chest still, where anybody might see them. Poor old granny! She had always been looking for a king, a queen, or a prince to come and claim him.

Young Petcowrie knew, as all the country knew, that Gurtha Trestrail had money of her own: this would help to smooth difficulties, enabling her to live always as a lady, which he should otherwise have been puzzled, perhaps, to enable her to do out of his earnings as a fisherman; this would also heighten the taste of his revenge; for he knew, as all the country also knew, that the young squire wasted his substance with riotous living, and could ill afford to let his sister's fortune pass out of his hands. But to do Michael justice, this money of Gurtha's threw no weight into the scale. He was not covetous: he had never known the pinch of poverty that makes one feel what is called the real need of money, and had not the education, the refined and superfine civilization, that creates so many unreal and artificial needs, which money must supply. He was in love, worshipfully in love. Gurtha herself—the certainty of possessing her—the right of protecting her—seemed to him over sufficient reward for superhuman deeds and sacrifices, had such been in his power. That night, and two or three successive nights, young Petcowrie tossed about on a sleepless bed; two or three successive mornings, the earliest glimmer of dawn found him out on the bay. The weather during those days was stormy and wet, but that did not seem to him a sufficient explanation why Gurtha, who loved to brave all weathers, and in some of her moods liked the worst weather best so long as she was out in it, did not come near the Cove. Had she been sent away already, by force? Of an evening, he lurked about the Grange, dodging Mr. Trestrail (whom he often saw limping about, as if he had met with some accident), and trying to get a glimpse of Gurtha. On the fourth evening, he saw her, sitting in the fire-lit parlor, drooping, he thought; but, however, she was not gone, so he went home comforted.

Next morning, Gurtha came down to the Cove—not so early as usual. He was home from his fishing, had "cleared himself up a bit," and was gardening in the plot of ground before the cottage, when he saw Gurtha coming along the moorland track.

"Come down on the sands; I want to talk to you," she said in passing.

He lingered behind, to wash the mould off his hands, and to gather for her some fine rich-scented carnations, then he joined her.

They walked up and down while they talked, and Gurtha put her hand on his arm. Michael felt himself a gentleman, and looked one with that kindly carriage of his.

"He's been at home all day—all the days since I saw you last; and he hurt his foot the very next morning. He has been always watching me—that's why I've not been down before. I've not brought the books to-day, for I can't stay long, and I want to talk to you seriously, Michael—very seriously indeed."

"If you'd stayed away a bit longer, Miss Gurtha, I can't say what I mightn't have done. Life's not worth having without you."

"You can't do without your tyrant, and I can't do without my slave—that's it, isn't it, Michael?"

"That's about it, Miss Gurtha.—Now about the school?"

"Why, Michael, he really means to send me, I find. It's very serious. I won't go; on that I'm determined; and I don't want to die. It's all very well talking of dying, Michael, when you don't think what the words mean; but when one does think of what they mean, of what dying is—not feeling the sunshine any more, or the wind any more, or the dash of the sea-spray; not feeling the smooth sand or the springy moor under one's feet any more; not smelling the honey of the heather-blossoms any more, or the rich, fruity odor of the gorse; not watching the flight of the sea-birds, or the swell or the roll of the waves; not feeling the water dance under our dancing boat, Michael, or feeling the flying of my poor *Corsair*; not feeling any more, ever, any of these things; but, instead, lying up there in the churchyard, under the weight of the damp ground, among the worms and the slimy, creeping, and crawling things—"

"Miss Gurtha, dying isn't only that, you know."

"Isn't it?" she said with a reckless laugh. "I don't know that it isn't only that, Michael—you don't know—none of us know. Perhaps it would be better for most of us if it were only that. But we don't know, I tell you, Michael, and our parson, who pretends to know, knows no more about it than the rest of us. Is he readier to believe what he tells us to believe. Think what a coward he proved himself in that storm last winter, Michael, when you were so brave! And, again, when that accident happened in the mine, and you risked your life to save others, he, poor wretch, couldn't be coaxed into going down, when all was safe, to speak a little comfort to the poor man who was dying there, and couldn't be brought up! I have always felt wickeder at church than anywhere else since that, Michael. If I once knew that a man is a coward, I lose all trust in him, all respect for him; when I hear our parson preaching difficult things that he never dreams of practising, it puts me past my patience, so that I can hardly help throwing the books at him, or calling him names! Suppose some morning I do something of that sort—you won't speak to me any more, I suppose?"

"Miss Gurtha, Miss Gurtha!" Michael's voice was a voice of reproof, but his face had kindled to a broad smile.

"Besides, I don't think I should be any more willing to die, Michael, if I did believe all he says. It doesn't seem a bit likely that a bad girl such as I am should turn into an angel all at once, and go straight to Heaven; but even if I knew I should, if Heaven is the sort of place our parson makes it out, I think it will be very dull and tiresome: I think it is much nicer here.—Sitting on the clouds and singing hymns! Hymns are so ugly! The noise of the sea on the rocks is much prettier, I'm sure!"

"Miss Gurtha," said Michael, laughing outright, "if you go on like that, I shall be almost obliged to believe that you are what you called yourself, though what no one else shall call you in my hearing."

"A bad girl? Oh, I am a bad girl; sometimes I am sorry, but not often. Sometimes I think I shouldn't be wicked any more, if I got away from Edgar: he makes 'my angry passions rise' in an awful way; and if there is a devil, I wonder he doesn't come and fetch me some dark night, as nurse used to say he would, if I got into such passions."

"The sin's his, not yours, my pretty: your soul is as white—as the foam there. It's not you the devil will fetch. But about this going to school, Miss Gurtha—"

"About this not going to school, Mr. Michael? How is it to be managed? Michael, are you cold? Are you ill? You are shaking—"

"Your fancy, Miss Gurtha. But about this going to school, I think, Miss Gurtha, you should go: I think you had better go."

"This was spoken heroically. Was it the girl's clinging confidence in him—the same thing that made him feel 'like a gentleman'—that gave him courage? Five minutes before, he had not meant to speak in this way. He went on more and more earnestly, the ice came broken. 'I suppose, Miss Gurtha, that there's many things that ladies learn that you don't know as yet. If only you'd try school for a bit—if, after all, you found you couldn't do with it, you'd only have to drop me a line, and wouldn't it come quick and fetch you? No running away by yourself, Miss Gurtha, remember. But you'd like it, perhaps, after the first. You'd get friends, Miss Gurtha—ladies like yourself—and, may be, by-and-by, fine gentlemen as lovers.' Saying the last word, he looked at her furiously. She was all blank amazement."

"You turn against me like this, and side with Edgar! What do I want with fine ladies or gentlemen, friends or lovers? I want my liberty. Michael, school is prison. You don't know what school is, or you wouldn't speak as you've done. School would kill me. You'd feel no worse if you were put into prison than I should do at school."

"But if you'd try and bear it, just for a bit; you'll get liberty enough afterwards, you know. I'm sure, Miss Gurtha, that this is the rightest thing your brother has done by you. It's what he ought to have done years ago."

"When I was a child, I mightn't have minded it so much. But to be treated like a child now—I won't bear it; I can't, and I won't."

"Bless you, Miss Gurtha, what age are you now? Nothing but a child yet, to speak the truth!"

"Michael!" she said, drawing away from him, for the moment mortally offended, "I thought you loved me; I thought you were a true friend; I thought I could always count on you; I thought you would never desert me."

"I'm a truer friend in saying this than I've been to you ever in anything before," he said, ruefully.

"You're not, you're not! You promised to help me, and now, when I really want help, you desert me. I tell you what will be the end of it, Michael: I shall drown myself; you will find me drowned, and then, I hope, you will be sorry." Covering her face with her hands, she burst into a passion of crying. Since she was a child, he had never seen her shed a tear.

"Miss Gurtha," he said, tenderly, and laid his hand on her arm. "Don't, for God's sake, don't; I can't bear it."

She shook off his hand.

He watched her some time, his face working convulsively—then he seized her wrist. This time she let him touch her, but she resisted his efforts to draw her hand from her face.

"I've said what I've said because I thought I ought to say it, and you've no right to be angry with me." His other hand was round her waist, pulling her towards him; she resisted. "Miss Gurtha, it's breaking my heart to see you like this, and, though I warn you I believe it's the devil makes me give in, I promise to do what you wish."

Her hands were dropped from before her face instantly.

"I didn't know before what a good fellow the devil was!" she said; though her voice was still thick and checked by sobs, her eyes were dancing with glee. "You dear, good Michael!"

He released her wrist, contritely regarding his redness, and took his arm from round her; he had not clasped her to him; he looked down on the ground, as he said:

"I think you're turning your best friend into your worst enemy, Miss Gurtha."

She passed before she spoke again, then it was to ask, looking at him wonderingly:

"Have I offended you, Michael?"

Some words about "causing one of these little ones to offend," floated through Michael's memory, and confused a growing purpose; but he reassured himself.

"It's not causing any one to offend—it's not wronging any one. What am I going to do to her? To make her the wife of a man who loves her, to give myself the right to give her the protection she asks for."

Gurtha was watching him; presently she said, speaking meekly for her:

"Michael, I have no right to give you trouble. Perhaps I shall be getting you into trouble. Perhaps I had better go to school, even if it does break my heart and kill me."

"Not if I can hinder it!" he said. He confirmed his promise with an oath. Though she had never heard Michael swear before, this oath did not shock or alarm her, like the oaths she had heard from Edgar.

"Now, what was your plan?" he said. "Let me hear it."

She told him eagerly. He was to take her in his boat a long way, as far as he could take her in a day, and then—then he was to put her ashore somewhere, where she could get a lodging, but where no one would know her. She would manage to have some money, and he was to sell her watch and trinkets to get more.

"Well," he asked, "and what am I to do?"

"Go back at once, so that no one may suspect me."

"No need to go so far, then."

"But, any way, while you are missing, I shall be suspected of murdering you; and if you're found, what better will you be off?"

"You must hide away, too, then. You are more clever," she said; "you make the plan, I'll do what you tell me."

They talked a good while: when he parted from her, he said:

"Perhaps you'll hear no more about being sent to school, and then things can go on as they have done."

This was but juggling with his conscience, and he knew it was.

## CHAPTER III.

"You're to go to Chevala, to-morrow, to stay a week or two with Mrs. Garstone," was the very evening of the day of that interview with Michael, Mr. Trestrail's announcement to his sister.

"To Chevala!" she echoed.

"Yes; I'm just back from there. It's all settled."

"Is it all settled? You haven't asked me. Do you think you can send me about like a baby, or a bale of goods? I shan't go."

"I was prepared for that amiable answer. Mrs. Garstone herself is coming to fetch you; you can say to her: 'I shan't go.' It's just what she will expect from what she has heard of you. I leave you to settle the matter with her."

"I've nothing fit to wear. I wonder you are not ashamed to send me," was said after a long pause.

"I have explained all that. Mrs. Garstone has kindly proposed to take you to Scamouth, to get you rigged out."

"What time, to-morrow, will she be here?"

"Was asked after another considerable pause, during which the brother and sister surveyed each other."

"I cannot tell you."

"I think you can."

"Well, I won't, then, if you prefer that form of speech. Now, be off to bed, girl. Some friends of mine will be here directly—some fellows who are coming to spend the evening."

"The night, you mean. Cards and drinking."

"So you watch us through the keyhole, do you, little spy?"

"I leave such mean tricks for you, sir."

"Be off, girl; be off! And mind, to-morrow, no skulking. Wherever you may hide, I'll ferret you out; and then, what a nice figure you'll cut before the Garstones!"

"I can't understand your venturing to send me to Chevala, as you wish to be in favor there. I suppose you trust to my generosity."

"I don't send you there without sending your character before you: they are all prepared to find you prejudiced against a brother who has been your only sincere friend."

It was hardly dark yet when Gurtha ran up to her own room; she was as far as possible from being sleepy; she sat down in the open window, and let the bleak north-west wind that was blowing that evening cool her flushed cheeks, while she reflected: What did this sending her to Chevala mean? Did she intend to go? Life there would be one humiliation. No; she wouldn't let it be that; she wouldn't care for any of them—they might think her a savage if they chose; they might think anything they chose about her, she wouldn't care. She did mean to go, then—and why? She told herself that she was curious to see whether that young Mr. Garstone always spoke to his sisters as she had heard him speak, or whether that grave gentleness was put on for outside show; whether they really loved him, or only pretended to do so; what it was like to be among such people as the Garstones.

Suddenly, a terrible light flashed upon Gurtha: This sending her to Chevala was only that Mrs. Garstone might get her wardrobe supplied, as a preliminary to sending her to school? Perhaps the plan was for her to go there from Chevala—for her not to come back to the Grange. Well, perhaps it would be easier to escape from Chevala than from the Grange, if she were careful not to rouse suspicion by showing that she suspected anything.

But how to let Michael know? She had told him that she should not be down in the Cove next morning; so, probably, he would be out fishing, or he would be gone to the town. She must see him before she left the Grange. The only way of making sure of this was to see him to-night.

A few moments' reflection; then she threw on her hooded cloak—left her window open—locked her door outside, taking the key with her—and stole down stairs. No fear anyone would hear her; bursts of reckless laughter and profane speech fell on her ear as she was passing the dining-room door. She had hardly passed when the door was flung open, and her brother stood in the passage, shouting for one of the men to bring in a favorite bull-dog from the yard. Gurtha shrank close against the wall, and stood there trembling. No one of the ill-regulated household answered the master's call. Swearing horribly, he went back into the dining-room, and rang a bell, which would bring the old housekeeper, if she happened to be sober. Gurtha availed herself of this instant; and darted out of the house.

It was a wild gusty night, clouds flying fast over a watery moon, a heavy sea beating deafeningly on the rocky coast—such a night as Gurtha loved, as filled her with wild exultation. She fled through it fast, as if trying to rival the fast-flying clouds.

Before she had remembered anything but the pleasure of this rapid and lawless night-walk, she was at the gate of Michael's garden; here she paused and hesitated. It was some instinct, no consciousness, that made her hesitate outside it and not go in.

"Dear, good, industrious old fellow," she said to herself, as through the uncurtained window she saw Michael; both elbows on the table, both hands buried in his curly hair. He was poring over a book by the light of a candle; learning a lesson evidently, for every now and then he looked up from his book and muttered to himself.

Gurtha thought of the Grange dining-room, and of what was going on there, and said to herself: "More of a man, and a better man, and also more of a gentleman than any of the wretches up there."

After waiting a few minutes, she clattered the latch of the garden gate as loud as she could, but the wind had done that before; she threw pebbles at the window, but the woody sprays of



an ancient honeysuckle had been tapping there before she called "Michael, Michael!" but the wind took her voice, and blew it up over the moor towards the Grange; the noise of the wind and the sea was both nearer and louder.

While Gurtha was debating what next to do, she saw Michael rise and yawn, stretching both arms over his head; then he came out into the porch to see how the night was.

"Michael, Michael!"

The moon shone on his face as, with a stride or two, he approached the gate.

"How frightened you looked!" she said laughing.

"You here, Miss Gurtha, at night! For God's sake, get home again."

"That's civil, Michael! Why, what's the matter?"

"Well, after all, it's no matter," he muttered. "But what has happened, Miss Gurtha? Is it come? Have you run away from the Grange, not to go back again?"

The gate was between them; he swung it open, and seized her hand.

"No, no, Michael—What's the matter with you? I just ran down to tell you to-night, because I thought I shouldn't see you in the morning, that I'm going to Chevala to-morrow, to stay a few days. I thought you would miss me, and wonder."

"To Chevala! That's a trap, Miss Gurtha, just a trap to get you quietly away from here."

"So I think, Michael; and I wouldn't go, only that I believe I can get away from Chevala more easily than I should be able to do from the Grange when Elgar was watching me."

"But you won't want to get away from Chevala, Miss Gurtha; they'll put you up with soft words and sweet words, and talk you into wishing to be like one of the young ladies there—and then—the young squire—he'll be making love to you."

"You're forgetting yourself, Michael," she said, with assumed haughtiness; then breaking into a peal of laughter—"Why, Michael, I do believe you are jealous!"

"Yes, I believe I am!"

"You foolish old Michael! And you wicked old Michael, to believe that a few silly speeches would make me forget my dear old friend, my playfellow ever since I can remember."

"That's all very pretty, Miss Gurtha; but—"

here he spoke with a sort of desperation, muttered his words between half-closed teeth, and yet in a way that prevented her from catching their sense—"when a fellow feels as I feel, he must have all or nothing.—But Miss Gurtha, while you are at Chevala—" he had suddenly changed his manner—"how shall I know anything about you?—how shall I know when to have things in readiness?"

"I shall write to you!"

"The big round hand then," he said, coloring. "Of course, the big round hand.—I shall send my letters to Thornley-cliff Office, and you must go there to find them."

"No good! I'll come of this visit," he groaned. "I don't see what harm can come of it.—Michael, you are hurting my hand."

He released it with a muttered apology.

She bade him good-night, and sped away: he followed her at a distance, just to make sure that no harm befell her; it would have been a great satisfaction to him to knock somebody down in her behalf. He saw her enter the Grange yard, having met nobody, and then he went back to his cottage, to spend great part of the night in renewed self-content.

She got into her room by a way of her own; scaling the ivy-covered wall with cat-like nimbleness, and getting in at the window.

Next morning, Gurtha took unusual pains with her dress; she spent twice the usual time over her hair too, wreathing it in close thick plaits, instead of letting it fly wild in untidy curls. She had attempted to dress it as the girls from Chevala dressed theirs; but Gurtha's hair being twice as thick, and much longer, obstinately wavy and wilful, instead of soft, straight, and compliant, the result was very different.

She turned out all her dresser, trying to discover one that was neither stained with seaweed and sea water, nor torn with scrambling over the rocks; and at last she found a black silk which she had hardly worn—such a sombre gown not being to her taste or Michael's. This she put on; and then she tied the effect of a great lace-collared and wide ruffled that had been her mother's. By putting on these, and a bow of orange-colored ribbon, she managed to make her toilet bizarre and picturesque, and to look as unlike a modern young lady as possible.

"It's been trying to civilize itself," sneered Edgar; "but I can't much compliment it upon the result." He was not down till noon that day; and soon after he had finished his breakfast, the Chevala carriage drove up. He went out to receive the ladies, and ushered them in with many apologies for the wild, neglected state of the place.

"A house without a mistress never looks anything but wretched and dismal. The state of the place so preys upon me, that I cannot bear to be much here; yet I have no heart to set to work to improve it while I have no one but myself to please." This was his melancholy-toned speech as he led the way indoors.

"You must get it all in nice order before your sister comes home again," Gurtha heard Mrs. Garstone say. "She might have a good garden here," pausing in front of the house: "it is a south aspect, and tolerably sheltered."

"The churchyard has been the only garden the Grange has ever had!"

"It is unfortunately near."

"Some time, perhaps, I shall pull down the Grange, and rebuild it. There is a splendid site not a quarter of a mile distant, which I should like some day to show you, and consult you about."

"My girls know your sister, but I have never seen her," Mrs. Garstone said as they entered the room where Gurtha was. Her voice first, and now her kindly old face, moved Gurtha in her favor: she received her in a way that astonished Edgar—with a sort of natural dignity and cordial grace, so different from the manner he had expected. He was annoyed, for this fresh of hers gave the lie to much he had said about his sister.

"She is a splendid young creature, and has been infamously neglected!" said outspoken Mrs. Garstone when Gurtha had left the room to get her hat. "Not, of course, that I much blame you, Mr. Trestrail. What can a man do with a girl of that sort?"

"What, indeed?"

Mildred and Adela Garstone made various attempts to draw Gurtha into conversation during the long drive to Chevala, but in vain; she had subsided into a corner next Mrs. Garstone, and was absorbed in her own thoughts and feelings: she had never before left the

Grange for one day, had never slept away from it since she was born. Her heart was very uneasy: something seemed to be tagging at it.

She was sad, and looked sulky. The want of air in the closed carriage oppressed her: her face was flushed, and her brows were folded to a heavy frown. Mrs. Garstone, now and then glancing at her, half regretted the charge she had undertaken. Mildred and Adela regarded her with a curious mixture of terror, admiration, and contempt—admiration of her natural gifts, her magnificent eyes and hair, her handsome mouth, with its full red, short, curved upper lip, her glowing complexion, grand brow, and stately growth, mingling with terror of the violence of temper they had heard of, and contempt for her ignorance of all arts of dress, for her want of all personal neatness and refinement.

"Would you mind taking me back, Mrs. Garstone?" Gurtha asked suddenly. Mrs. Garstone turning round, found that the girl's eyes were blazing with tears.

"I can hardly do that now, my dear. We are close to Chevala; the horses are tired.—Are you ill, or have you forgotten anything?"

"It's no matter," Gurtha answered. "But what is it, my dear?"

"I don't know."

No explanation was to be got out of her.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### TRUE PIETY.

To be the thing we seem;  
To do the thing we deem  
Enjoined by duty;  
To walk in faith, not dream  
Of questioning God's scheme  
Of truth and beauty.

Casting self-love aside,  
Discarding human pride,  
Our hearts to measure;  
In humble hope to bide  
Each change in fortune's tide,  
At God's own pleasure.

To trust, although deceived;  
To tell truth, though not believed;  
Falsely disclaiming;  
Patient of ill received;  
To pardon when aggrieved,  
Passion restraining.

With love no wrong can chill,  
To save, unwarred still,  
The weak from falling;  
This is to do God's will  
On earth—and to fulfil  
Our heavenly calling.

### Why Teeth Decay.

A correspondent of the New York Evening Post, referring to a letter published in one of the daily papers of this city, some few years since, on the cause of decayed teeth, thus sums up the conclusions arrived at:

1st. Nothing but acids decay the teeth.

2d. They do so because those organs do not contain sufficient phosphate of lime.

From these conclusions he proceeds in the following practical manner:

What shall be done to give the teeth the proper proportion of phosphate of lime? The simple answer is, eat it; because we know of no other process by which it can be introduced into the blood, and unless it is found there somewhat abundantly it will never get into the structure of the teeth, inasmuch as they, like the rest of the body, are composed of materials which are brought into the blood through the digestive organs.

In order to "eat it," one must eat certain kinds of food which are coming now into general use in cities, and which contain in themselves large quantities of it—such as grits, oatmeal, Graham bread, one-fourth of an inch of the surface of potatoes.

The reasons, furthermore, may be found in the following: The bone of a tooth is composed of phosphate of lime to the extent of sixty-two per cent. The enamel has in it about eighty-five per cent. of this phosphate, and if less than this amount is found in proportion to the whole tooth, its structure is very easily dissolved away by the acids which form in the mouth, from particles of food in process of decomposition, from confectionery and other sweet things, which in the mouth rapidly acidify.

Some of the above-named articles of food should constitute a part of the daily diet from the time of the first evidence of a child's existence to the fourteenth year of the same, at which time the character of the teeth may be considered finally settled; they will be found of a good shade, hard, with an excellent enamel covering, without deep seams crossing each other on the surface, and liable to decay, but the enamel caps will be found perfectly formed—covering to the bone, which will save the patient an immensity of fear, pain and expense.

The wonder is very often expressed that the teeth of people of the present day are so frail, while in past generations they have been so much more generally sound. It would not be far from correct to reply that the art of refining flour has now so much more perfectly robbed it of the bran of the wheat, that we get from our white bread just so much less phosphate of lime; also dyspepsia, and those who dread dyspepsia, knowing they ate potato skins when young, blindly say they find such trying food injured their stomachs, and hence neither themselves nor their children are allowed to eat them; and it appears, to sum it up, that the children of the last two generations throughout the civilized part of the world have happened to be deprived of just the sources of the supply of phosphate of lime in their food which have robbed their blood of the wherewith to make good teeth and bones, so our teeth and general bony framework but illy compare with those of the backwoods settlers who persimmoned our grandfathers, and lived more independently of fine bolting cloths, and ate up the entire potato, relishing rye-and-Indian bread, all to our present myopia and the blessing of their own physical happiness.

RULES FOR BORROWERS.—1. The Iron Rule.—Never borrow anything whatever, if you can possibly do without it; nor then, unless with the consent of the owner. 2. The Silver Rule.—Use the article borrowed more carefully than if it was your own, and don't let it beyond the time agreed on. 3. The Golden Rule.—As soon as you have done using the thing borrowed, return it with thanks.

I, whence, where, whether, how? This is the whole of philosophy, wrote Joubert. Existence, origin, place, end, and means.

## THE OUTLAW'S DAUGHTER. A TALE OF THE SOUTH-WEST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,  
BY EMERSON BENNETT,

AUTHOR OF THE "WHITE SLAVE," "PHANTOM OF THE FOREST," &c.

(Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by Emerson Bennett, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.)

### CHAPTER XXVII.

FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

The most trying thing to the soldier on the field of battle, is to remain inactive under fire—to see himself in danger, and his comrades falling around him, and yet be able to do nothing in defence of himself or them—and such inactivity was now mine. There I lay, on my sick couch, unable to take any part in that which involved the safety of myself and the sweet being who was more dear to me than my own life.

For some time after the clattering of the horse's hoofs had died out on the ear, nothing was heard save the exclamations of Flora and her Spanish companion, and then came distant shouts and the report of fire-arms.

"I cannot lie here idle at such a critical time!" said I, making an effort to rise.

"Nay, you must, my dear friend!" said Alice, gently pushing me back. "You will injure, perhaps destroy, yourself, if you get up, and do nothing either for your own benefit or ours."

"But only let me see what is taking place!"

"Let me see for you then! I will look and report."

She was hurrying away, when one of the two ruffians, left as a guard, sprang forward, exclaiming:

"Back, gal, to yer place! back, I say! or, by —, I'll fire on yer!"

"I have no intention of escaping," returned Alice. "I only wish to see what is taking place outside."

"It don't make no difference what yer want to see!" gruffly rejoined the ruffian, pointing his carbine at her. "Git back to yer place, I say! or, by —, I'll shoot yer!"

"Oh, come back! come back!" cried the frightened Cora.

Alice returned to my side, saying:

"We shall soon know the worst, Leslie."

The noise outside soon came nearer—the shouts, the occasional discharge of fire-arms, and the thundering tramp of horses. Nearer and still nearer came the sounds.

"Here, father! here! quick! quick! in here you will be safe!" we heard Flora shout.

A minute after we could hear several horses dash up to the building, amid wild cries and yells and all the tumult of fugitives being closely pursued. Then a door was thrown open, several horsemen came thundering into the building, and the door was closed with a loud bang.

"Ah, father, dear father, you are saved! you are saved!" we heard Flora exclaim.

"They may assail us here, but we will fight them to the death, my brave girl!" we heard him reply.

"No, no, they will not dare, father, when they know all!" cried Flora; "we have other lives here that will compel them to make terms with us—such terms as we may choose."

"Whose lives? what? what do you mean, Flora?"

"We have Colonel Brandon's daughters here in our power."

"Hail where?"

"In there. See! look through here—you can see them now!"

The bandit captain gave a loud, wild laugh of triumph.

"This is glorious!" he exclaimed; "whose work is this?"

"Mine, father! I thought you might be taken, and I was determined to have prisoners to exchange for you—and you see how fortune has favored me."

"At least I will have revenge!" he fiercely exclaimed; "and revenge on Colonel Brandon is fully worth such a life as mine! Let us kill the creatures at once, and throw the bodies to the devils outside!"

"No, no, father!" cried Flora; "we will only use them in exchange for all the lives here."

"But I tell you, girl, I would rather have revenge than life, and they shall not live another minute!"

"Nay, you shall not touch them, father!" cried Flora; and we could hear sounds as of a struggle—as if she had seized hold of him, and he was endeavoring to get away from her to accomplish his fiendish purpose. "Quick, here, men! seize your leader and detain him from murder!" she continued, in a tone of alarm. "He is not himself, and does not know what he is about to do. Seize him here and hold him! for your lives, his, and mine depend upon it!"

There seemed to be a violent struggle, and we heard Sebastian shout:

"Off! off! or I will murder you all!"

Soon after this, things grew more quiet, and we had reason to believe that the wicked chief had been overpowered by his own men.

Meantime, Alice and Cora had been standing by my side, listening to all—the former pale, erect and firm, and the latter trembling like an aspen. As for myself, I cannot tell how I felt, except that I feared my senses were about to desert me again.

Outside there was the noise of several horsemen riding up and surrounding the building; and presently we heard the voice of Colonel Brandon exclaim:

"Surrender, Captain Sebastian, you and your men, or we will fire the building and take you, dead or alive!"

"Father! father!" cried out Alice.

"Hail whose voice is that?"

"Father, your daughters are here, Alice and Cora; I pray you be not rash and destroy us!"

"Oh, Alice, are you indeed there?" we now heard exclaimed in the voice of Ernest La Grange.

"Yes, Ernest, we are here, prisoners, captured by Flora Sebastian while on our way home; and if you would save us, you must make terms with Captain Sebastian and his men, for we are all here in his power."

"Hail! hail! do you hear that, you devils!" shouted the half-demented Captain.

"Great ginger! yes, and I'm here too—bound like a tarred old sheep—with my arms as numb from the cords as if I'd laid on 'em for a week!" called out Caleb.

"Fire through the crevices, my gallant boys, and shoot down the devils as fast as you can!" yelled the Captain.

"Not a shot, on your lives!" was the counter-manding order of Flora.

"Who is master here, girl? you or I?"

"But you should not forget yourself, dear father."

"By heavens, I will have revenge, if I die for it! Unhand me, men! unhand me!"

"No, no—hold him! keep him fast!" cried Flora.

The Captain and his daughter, and the men who had entered the building with him, were still in an apartment adjoining where I lay; but the partition was not very sound, had crevices in it, and we could hear everything said in there as well as if they had been in the room with us. A struggle now seemed to follow the last order of Flora, as if the Captain were trying to get away; and the horses snuffed and snorted, and trampled heavily on the floor, as if frightened.

"I will kill you for this, as soon as I get my liberty!" said Sebastian, at length, in the low, panting tone of one struggling violently.

"Hold him, men! hold him!" cried Flora; "for if he gets his liberty now, he will kill you, sure enough! Father, pray be calm, and forgive me for this harshness, which is only done to save our lives—your life as well as mine!"

"I don't want life, unnatural girl! I want revenge, while it is in my power, and I will have it!" cried the furious father.

"Bind him!" cried Flora; "if there is no other way, you must pinion his arms till he becomes reasonable! I fear this trouble has been too much for him—that he has already lost his judgment. Quick, there, with the rope! bind his arms fast! You have my orders, and I will see that no harm comes to either of you for obeying me! There—no—bind him fast!"

The struggle with the bandit chief now soon came to an end; and then we heard Flora tell the men to let her father get up, but keep by him, and prevent him from injuring himself or others.

A minute or two after this, a door opened into the main centre of the building where we were, and Flora came forward, looking pale and excited, followed by the ruffians, with their chief between them, his arms bound slightly to his body by a stout rope.

I shuddered as I looked at him. His dress was disordered, his hair disheveled, his face swollen and flushed, as if he had been drinking to excess, and his eyes blood-shot and brutally savage in expression. I did not think he was altogether sane; but whether mad from drink, passion, or excitement, or all three combined, I could not tell. He came forward, glaring round like a mad bull, and said to the shrinking and trembling Cora Brandon:

"Ay, girl, I would like to murder you and your sister for your father's sake, and then they might swing me on the first tree!"

"Do not be alarmed!" said Flora; "he shall not harm you."

"God bless you, Miss Sebastian, for saving our lives!" returned Cora.

"Yes," joined in Alice, with feeling, "we have overheard all, and know how much it must have pained you to be severe with your father!"

Flora turned and looked at her, and in spite of her effort to remain cold and harsh, I saw her lips slightly quiver.

"Had I done it for your sake," she said, in a cold, proud tone, "your remarks would not be so much out of place. But I did not. I simply did it to save my father's life and my own."

"No matter!" rejoined Cora; "we shall still remain grateful for your preservation."

"You were a fool, Flora!" said her father harshly.

"You will think better of me by-and-by, dear father!" was the gentle reply.

There was something touching in the affection of that beautiful girl for her parent. Erving, sinful, guilty, criminal as he might be—but who had made her so? Her very passions might have been inherited, and education in his wicked school perhaps had done the rest. There were noble traits in her evil-formed character, and not the least of these was her devotion to the guilty author of her being—devotion that would have led her to sacrifice her life for his.

"Well, who are you? and what is the matter with you?" now demanded the Captain, looking fiercely at me, from among the armed and scowling ruffians on either side of him.

"Here, father, I wish to speak to you!" said Flora quickly, trying to draw him aside, doubtless fearing the mention of my name would excite him still more.

"Who is it, Flora? I have seen his face before."

"Never mind now, father! I want to ask you some private questions. Here! this way!"

"Oh! so you don't want me to know this man, eh?" he said, with the cunning suspicion of a lunatic. "But I will know! Let me see now!"

He moved along to where he could get a better view of my face, and then half bent over me.

"Hail Dr. Walbridge!" he said, slowly drawing in his breath and beginning to scowl more darkly. "I remember now. You escaped me when you first came to the country—you escaped me at my own house—and I owe you so much. By —, with a fearful oath, 'you shall not escape me now! Here, my good fellows, will one of you oblige me by blowing out his brains?'"

Cora Brandon uttered a wild cry of terror, and tried to shield me with her person. Poor, sweet soul! it was all she could do.

"A thousand dollars to the man who blows out this fellow's brains!" cried Sebastian, in hellish fury. "We owe all our misfortunes to him, men! It was he who discovered all our plans and exposed them!"

"It was he who swore my comrade cheated and got him into his trouble!" said the Spanish messenger, who had been the companion of Diego Gomez; and suddenly drawing a pistol, he levelled it at my head.

Alice and Cora both uttered wild cries of terror; but Flora alone saved me, by knocking up the weapon just as it was discharged. The ball barely passed over my head, and I felt the heat of the burning powder on my face.

All now became wild excitement, within and without.

Within, Flora, madly furious at this murderous attempt, which might have brought down destruction upon all, drew one of her own pistols, and presenting it to the head of the Spaniard, cried:

"Back, Lucio—back, all—or I will fire!"

The ruffians fell back in awe and dragged the Spaniard away.

Without, they had heard the cries of terror and the shot, and now began to thunder at the different doors, demanding admittance, and

threatening to break in and put everybody to death.

"Hold, all!" called out Flora; "and you men outside, listen! or not a prisoner here shall escape!"

"Speak, then—what is it?" said the voice of Ernest.

"Ah, sir," returned Flora, "you are the one of all others I would treat with!"

"Speak, then, unfortunate girl!"

"Ay, unfortunate indeed!" muttered Flora in an under tone. And then, in a loud voice, to him: "No harm has yet been done here, Ernest La Grange—though an attempt has just been made upon the life of your sick friend—which I, who have little cause to wish him spared, have foiled. We have several prisoners here—all in fact who were of this party, except a white overseer and a negro who were killed at our first assault. I headed the men who captured your friends, and their lives are all in my power. With a word I can have every one slain before you can reach them—ay, I can even slay them myself. I took them prisoners, however, for the purpose of saving my father—with the view of offering them in exchange for him in case he should fall into the hands of the Regulators. He has escaped, as you know, and is now here; and I now offer all our prisoners in exchange for the safety of him, and the men here with him, and my unworthy self. Now then you know all. Agree to my terms, and your friends are safe; refuse them, or attempt to break in here, and they die!"

"You will give us time to consider your conditions, I suppose?"

"If you do not take too long."

"In a few minutes you shall have our answer," said Ernest.

"I shall not agree to your terms, Flora!" said her father.

"Why not?"

"Because you can do better."

"What then would you have?"

"The release of all our men—not only of those that are here, but of those captured elsewhere."

"Are there many of them in the hands of the Regulators?"

"A number—I do not know how many."

"Are they here with this party now surrounding us?"

"Of course not."

"Then I do not see how we can save them. If we attempt to do too much, we may fall in all."

"Colonel Brandon would give up every prisoner for the lives of his daughters!"

"But are they in his possession, father?"



self as I was in their clutches, I was darting off in another direction. Unfortunately I was seen by Brandon, who, with a strong party, was just coming up from another quarter, and he instantly gave chase. My horse did not fail me, and here I am, though little I dreamed I was flying to my daughter's arms. When I first saw our men issue out of this building, I supposed them to be another cumbered party of Regulars and gave myself up for lost; but as soon as I discovered my mistake, I resolved to have one shot at Brandon if I died for it. Turning in my saddle, I aimed and fired; but my non-fused beast stumbled, and I missed him. The shot, however, came near doing execution—for it either tipped the ear of young La Grange, or whizzed so close to his head as to make him dodge."

"Oh, father!" exclaimed Flora, impulsively raising her hands.

"Pshaw, girl, he is nothing to you now!"

"I know it, father—I know it!" she rejoined, with a heavy sigh and a sorrowful shake of the head.

At this moment loud rapping was heard at the central door.

"It is the answer, which will be life or death to all here!" said Flora, solemnly. "Father, will you leave this matter in my hands?"

"You may speak."

She advanced to the door, and every ear was strained to listen.

#### CHAPTER XXVIII. DELIVERANCE AT LAST.

"Who is there?" we heard Flora demand, in a clear, calm tone.

"Ernest La Grange."

"Your answer?"

"If you will admit me, I will speak to you face to face."

"Are you alone?"

"I am."

"On your word of honor?"

"On my word of honor."

"It is enough—I will admit you!" returned Flora, advancing to the door and beginning to unlatch it.

"Forward, then, and guard her against treachery!" exclaimed her father, in a tone of alarm.

"Back, now!" was the commanding order of Flora. "I need no protection while conferring with a gentleman of honor."

"Back!" sneered Sebastian; "honor indeed!"

The door opened, Ernest entered, and was immediately surrounded by the ruffians.

"Give up your arms!" said Lucio.

"Who gave you the right to order here, in the presence of my father and myself?" cried Flora, as she hurriedly re-fastened the door and confronted the Spaniard.

"It is my duty to see you protected, Miss Sebastian."

"I have said I need no protection while conferring with a gentleman of honor!" returned Flora, "and so fall back, girl and you men, fall back!"

"I thank you for this confidence, Miss Sebastian," said Ernest; "and you see I have trusted you, by voluntarily putting myself in your power. Here are my arms, if you wish them."

"No, Ernest La Grange," returned Flora, in a quivering tone, "I do not fear you—though I confess I have wronged you. You have cause to hate and defeat me, and justice would give me severe punishment at your hands. But let me not recall the past. We are here met, perhaps for the last time, to settle a question of vital importance to all. We are here, so to speak, in each other's power, and must either separate for life or remain in death. You know what I require—the safety of my father and friends—for which I will yield up my prisoners—the dearest friends you have in the world—and I now await your answer."

"I have consulted with Colonel Brandon and others, and all have agreed to accede to your terms," replied Ernest.

"We want you to yield up all your prisoners in exchange for ours!" interposed Captain Sebastian.

"Are you not satisfied with the release of yourself, your daughter, and the men with you?" queried Ernest.

"No, we are not."

"Father, I thought—"

"Silence, Flora, and let me speak! You are a girl, and know nothing of these things."

"And yet but for what I planned and executed, how would you have escaped?" returned Flora.

"Well, now, what is your present demand?" said Ernest.

"We demand the release of every man captured by the Regulars, in exchange for the prisoners we have here, yourself included."

"Myself?" exclaimed Ernest in surprise. "I am not your prisoner!"

"Indeed you are!"

"Indeed then he is not!" cried Flora, with a proud, angry, commanding look.

"Ernest La Grange entered here in good faith, and will not be detained one minute beyond his own desire!"

"I do not understand, Miss Sebastian, that you claimed the release of all the prisoners in the hands of the Regulars in return for the release of my friends here!" said Ernest.

"My father thinks that should be our terms," she answered, in a somewhat confused and hesitating manner.

"I hope you will not insist on this, for it might prove a serious thing for all of us. I have no authority to accede to such conditions, and I doubt if they would be granted."

"Not even to save the lives of Colonel Brandon's daughters?" sneered the bandit chief.

"You could not put them to death and escape yourself, Captain Sebastian."

"Well, we could die with them."

"We have offered you life and liberty as it is."

"We must have the liberty of all!"

"Do your men say the same?" inquired Ernest, turning to the ruffians. "Hark you," he pursued, "and understand this matter for yourselves! You are all brave, I grant, and probably fear death as little as any; but which of you does not prefer to live a little longer? which of you is ready at this moment, with all his sins on his soul, to be suddenly launched into eternity and brought before the awful Bar of an offended God? As it is, you are surrounded by at least twenty men, as brave as yourselves, through whose hostile line you cannot pass with life; and yet they freely grant you life and liberty, in return for the life and liberty of those here in your power. Now, are you disposed to throw this certain chance away, for the uncertain chance of having men released who are miles from here?—men who, so far from sacrificing their lives to save yours, would hesitate a moment to sacrifice yours to save theirs?"

"No, no—we won't give up our lives for them!" was the general response.

"Then let our treaty be brought to a speedy close!" said Flora. "In return for the release of all the prisoners here in our power, what terms do you offer us?"

"You shall all pass through our line unmolested."

"What assurance can you give us that your friends will not break faith with us?"

"I will pledge you my sacred honor!"

"That is not enough, sir!" said the suspicious Captain.

"Then I will accompany you a reasonable distance as a hostage for your safety."

"That is better; and if you will increase the security by adding Colonel Brandon's daughters, we will agree to the conditions."

"What!" exclaimed Ernest indignantly; "leave with you the fair prisoners we are seeking to release, as a pledge that we will keep faith with you? and get nothing from you in return to secure us against treachery on your part?—that would indeed be a piece of folly you could scarcely expect men of ordinary common sense to agree to!"

"You are right, Dr. La Grange!" said Flora; "my father is unreasonable in his demands. Your pledge of honor is sufficient, without even your person as hostage."

"I thank you, Miss Sebastian, for this confidence in myself, and shall take care that you have no reason to regret it! Am I then to consider the matter settled? and that your prisoners here are now released to me?"

"One word more, sir! Neither you, nor your friends, nor any of the Regulars, are to follow us, to arrest or punish us for anything that has occurred!"

"I am authorized to say, that, for the space of one week, you shall neither be followed nor molested, provided you immediately quit this part of the country, and commit no further aggressions; but if found within the State of Louisiana after the time specified, you will be held responsible for all that has occurred."

"And our property—my father's estate—what of that?"

"I have no power to offer any terms in regard to any thing or person not present here, Miss Sebastian."

"But may I venture to ask you to use your personal influence in our behalf—in remembrance of—of—happier days?" faltered Flora.

Ernest looked at her steadily for a few moments, and felt pity in his heart for one who, whatever her sins, had a passionate love for him, and perhaps through that very passion had been led to do things which she otherwise would not have done; and though she was none the less guilty, and not to be excused, he was disposed to deal kindly, rather than harshly, with her.

"Yes, Miss Sebastian, I will use my personal influence in your behalf," he answered.

"Oh, thank you! thank you!" she rejoined, in a tone that showed she was much moved.

"A word from you will go far. She paused a moment, with drooping head, and then said falteringly: 'Ernest La Grange, we shall probably never meet again, and I crave your forgiveness for the past.'"

"I freely grant it, for all offences committed against myself individually!" he replied.

She stood a moment in a thoughtful attitude, and then, lifting her head, with something of the old pride and hauteur, observed:

"I believe there is but little more to be said. The prisoners here I now release to you. Come, father—come, men—let us mount our horses and depart!"

Ernest now advanced to me, and, taking my hand, said, with tearful eyes:

"Do you know me, my dear friend?"

"Yes, I have my reason now, my dear Ernest."

"God bless you! I hope this excitement may not prove fatal. There—say not another word, but try to be calm, and leave all in the hands of your friends."

He then turned away, and greeted Alice and Clara most warmly, and while holding a hurried conversation with them, the impatient Yankee called out:

"I say, Dr. La Grange, be you the boss feller here now? 'Cause, if you be, I want you to cut these cards, and let a feller about my size get up and swing myself. I remember to you, I never did so afore in all my born days! I hadn't got no more feeling in my hands and arms than if they was dead."

"I will attend to you presently," replied Ernest, as he turned away to the door to admit his friends.

In another minute some eight or ten of the Regulars, headed by Colonel Brandon, entered the building, leaving as many more outside. When I saw them gathered around me, and Alice and Clara fondly greeting their father, I for the first time felt we were really saved; and the reaction, from the long strain of anxiety, excitement and fear, rendered me so weak that it was with difficulty I could speak.

"While some of the Regulars hastened to cut the bonds of the prisoners, the Colonel addressed a few kind words to me.

"I am sorry to see you in this condition, my friend," he said, "but hope you will soon be restored to health. You have gone through much peril and suffering, and have done a great work for us, for which we are all grateful beyond expression. All that human skill and care can do for you in return, shall be done—but we can never hope to repay the debt we owe you."

"I am a thousand times repaid already, Colonel Brandon!" I managed to answer, and then everything began to swim around me, the fever-blood once more mounted to my brain, and my mind again wandered through wild scenes of trouble and delusion.

From that time, for many days, the Angel of Death hovered over me, and more than once I felt the chilling air of his dark wings.

Though of myself I have no more recollection of what occurred between the bandits and the Regulars, I subsequently learned the facts, and shall proceed with my story as if I had remained an eye-witness of what I relate.

Though the desperadoes and Regulars in some degree became mingled together before the departure of the former, there was of course no friendly feeling between the parties, and many a glance of hate was exchanged. The villains, being the weaker party, were afraid to become the aggressors, and the Regulars were bound by their pledged words of honor to lift no hand against those they would gladly have taken out and hanged.

When Captain Sebastian, with his arms again at liberty, once more found himself mounted at the head of his men, with his beautiful daughter by his side, he asked permission to speak a parting word with Colonel Brandon.

"What is it, father?" inquired Flora, with an uneasy look.

"None of your business, girl!" was the savage answer. "I am not bound now, and will have neither advice nor dictation from you!"

Colonel Brandon, being informed that the bandit chief wished to speak to him, came forward, with several of his friends, to hear what he had to say.

"We meet to part," said Sebastian, with a black scowl, "and as each is bound by his agreement not to lift his hand against the other, I have no way of revenging myself for the injury you have done me; but I am free to say that I hate you, from the very depths of my soul, and that the time will yet come when I shall be even with you!"

"That you hate me," quietly returned the other, with his clear eye fixed upon the villain, "I consider as much of a compliment as if the devil had told me the same thing."

"If you have not a coward's fear in your breast, I should like to settle this matter now!"

"Oh, father!" exclaimed Flora.

"Silence, girl! or you shall feel the weight of my hand!" cried the furious father. "Remember, I am not bound now like a galley-slave!"

"Your language shows of what vile stuff your soul is made!" said Brandon sternly. "No father of a daughter who had risked her life to save his, would threaten her in such a manner, unless he were a vile coward at heart! For true courage has in it the nobility of manhood."

"Well, coward or not," cried Sebastian, "you dare not meet me with pistols at either ten, fifteen, or twenty paces!"

"I certainly shall not meet you in honorable combat," returned Brandon quietly, "because you are not a gentleman."

"In this respect then we are equal—for I here denounce you, in the presence of your friends, as a dishonest, scheming coward!"

Here the friends of Colonel Brandon became much excited, and several angry exclamations were uttered, and several weapons raised in a threatening manner.

"Do not lift a hand against him, gentlemen," said the Colonel, "for we are pledged to let him go, with his wife and child. But hark you!" he pursued, turning to Sebastian, and giving him a look that made even his bold eye quail; "be careful, when once away, that you never cross my path again! Circumstances have saved you this time; but if ever you come within my power again, so sure as there is a God in Heaven you shall be hanged like a dog! I will use my influence to have your property confiscated, and yourself proclaimed an outlaw, with a heavy price set on your head! Now go; and thank the wife of your daughter, rather than your own, that the devil has not your wicked soul in keeping this day!"

For nearly a minute Sebastian sat glaring at Brandon, his teeth gnashing with rage and his fingers working convulsively; and then, uttering a sound, not unlike the howl of a wild beast, he turned, buried the rowels in the flanks of his horse, and dashed swiftly away, his men following him at the same break-neck speed.

Flora cast one wild, sorrowful look around, and, catching the eye of Ernest, said:

"Farewell! God help us!"

The next moment she was flying after the others.

"Now would I give fifty thousand dollars to cancel my pledge, that I might follow those villains!" said Colonel Brandon.

"Poor girl! poor girl!" sighed Ernest La Grange.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

#### MY BOSOM FRIEND:

#### OR, YANKEE FAIRIES AT WORK.

I had been reading to my little ones the legends of the Northern land, in which, to tell the truth, I had taken as deep an interest as the open-mouthed young folks themselves.

When the children had gone to bed, I lamented that the belief in fairies had died out.

"Alas!" said I, "that they have vanished!"

"Well, I no ken that," replied my Scottish friend McElaggie; "I'm a thinkin' there are as many giants and fairies in the world as ever there war! Gang ye to gate to Waltham, as ye were a talkin' o', and if ye dinna see a lot o' fairies there, and if it is na a giant that carries ye there, ye ken say I'm wrang!"

"A giant carry me?"

"Aye, man!" said the Scot; "what auld giants that ye'er read o' can be mated wi' a' engine!"

And so one day I placed myself behind the great giant of the nineteenth century—a locomotive engine—and went to the pretty rural town of Waltham, Mass.—a town famous "not for a day, but for all time," for here a pair of great steam giants turn the wheels that again turn the wheels that mark the time for a continent. It takes a four-acre lot to hold these giants—each with a hundred iron arms and a thousand steel fingers; and this four-acre lot is built within and without and overhead with brick and iron and glass, and is called "The American Watch Factory of Waltham," and it was thereabout that McElaggie said I should find the fairies.

But the fairies of our day—that is, the Waltham fairies—are not like those we read o'. They don't play elfin pranks, for their every step is measured by the sun; and they have nothing to do with wings, but to mark the steady motion of those old Father Time himself.

But to drop metaphor and come down to the practical, as well as the poetical part of this fairy tale of industry and order, let us walk through some of the long galleries of this fairy palace, and for guide and mentor we will take one of the managers.

"But first," said he to our guide, "will you please inform us how this great establishment originated?"

He informed me that the manufacture of watches by machinery is a distinctly American undertaking. For several generations a vast number of watches have been made in England, Switzerland, and France; but the component pieces have been made and finished by hand in different factories, and even in different provinces, with no direct relation to each other. Here in Waltham, on the contrary, a watch is created in all its wonderful harmony and exquisite beauty from the original and crude materials—the brass, the steel, the enamel, the gold, the unwrought jewels—under one roof and one supervision, by a mechanism that never tires and never varies.

The task of competing with Europe in the manufacture of watches seemed at first sight to be hopeless. Europe had the market, the repu-

tation, two centuries of experience, and the cheapest of human labor. To make matters worse, there was free trade in watches. A petty tariff of only seven and a half per cent. was all the "protection"—nominal or real—that existed fifteen years ago to foster native enterprise and genius. Ingenious men conceived the idea of manufacturing every part of the watch, and of performing every process of manipulation, by a succession of machines, each of which should execute one function only, and then pass its work over to another piece of mechanism. The only duty left to man in this daring conception was to superintend the work of the iron slaves whom he had created, to carry their products from one to another, and to put the watch together after all its parts had been completed. The scheme was an ideal one; there were no such machines in existence; but the plan was seconded by capital, and, in 1853, the experiment was tried. At that time, although the chief parts of a watch were made by machines, there were still a large number of the pieces turned out by hand, and various important processes entrusted to manual skill, which are now done wholly by mechanism. The company of machines was quickly increased to a regiment, the regiment to a brigade, and now the brigade has become an army.

I asked how many watches were imported annually.

"Formerly about four million dollars' worth yearly," the manager said, "and it took about four millions more to make them. At the present time, the English watch trade has nearly ceased, and the Swiss has greatly fallen off."

"How many watches," I asked, "are manufactured at Waltham now?"

"We turn out," said he, "at the rate of 250 a day, or 80,000 a year, of all varieties, from good to best."

I asked as to the number of hands employed.

"We average," he replied, "700 men and women; about one-third females."

"All Americans?"

"Nearly all," he answered; "we have a few foreign workmen in the different departments, but nearly all the employees are native born, and mostly New England men. Waltham and its neighborhood supply most of the females, and many of these are among the most skillful and valuable hands we have. We pay good wages, and require intelligent operatives. The situations are soon filled. You will see how we keep the factory; we intend that every room shall be as clean, comfortable, and pleasant as a parlor, and that is one reason why we always secure first-class help."

There is hardly any work in the factory. Iron muscles do everything of that sort. All that the operatives are needed for, after the machines are made, is to watch and guide them.

#### THE FAIRIES' HOME.

We now requested that he would show us something of the factory.

"With pleasure," he replied. "To begin at the beginning, here is the engine-room where four boilers of 30 horse-power drive the two huge girders that in turn drive a little army of iron fairies all day long to their several tasks. No cunning web of a screw-maker or a pivot-polisher so made that it can stop and waste its time in playing while these early old genii in their dens are busy."

Then! Why, is this neat room, which has its wall adorned with a portrait of Lincoln (decorated with Union flags), and many pretty devices, and which, under its window that looks out on a green lawn, has several dozens of thrifty conservatory plants growing in pots—is this the engine house? Sure enough, this is the place. There, sullen and silent, but beautiful, lies the grim power which drives half of the factory fairies at work! Let us go up stairs. This long, clean room, filled with lathe and machinery, but neither odorous nor noisy, although the hum of mechanical and human industry never ceases in it—this is the basis of the whole factory: the machine shop. It is 165 feet long, and thirty first-class mechanics are kept at work in it, only in making and repairing the machines and tools which are without exception of the best and costliest character. Like all the rooms, this is light and pleasant. But in the next room—to use the words of the excellent Richard Swivel—there was a staggerer. It was a little side room. It had a floor clean as any, wall entirely undisturbed with smoke, neat stairs and shelving for the assortment of steel and iron, and—I pitched myself to see whether I was asleep or awake—nice white curtains hanging at the windows. It was the blacksmith's shop! There were the forges, and the trip hammers, and the anvils, but there were those curtains. I felt that civilization was no longer a problem. The anvil and the Athenian are wooing.

#### FAIRY WORKMANSHIP.

"Look!" said my guide, "what do you suppose those are?"

He held up a little vial, such as homoeopathic globules are kept in, which was filled with what seemed to be grains of coarse sand of the color of blue tempered steel.

I placed one of these grains under a microscope, and it proved to be a perfect screw.

"Now," said he, "you may note that it takes 300,000 of these screws to weigh a pound, and that they are worth from \$5,000 to \$5,500 a pound."

Again, they showed me a microscopic bit of steel, the points of which, under a glass, appeared to be exquisitely polished.

I took up a couple of screws and the balance-staff by wetting my finger, and put them carefully into a piece of paper.

"Not that I wish to make you think that they are taking valuable property," said the manager, "but how much do you suppose that stuff is worth?"

The foreman made the calculation.

"They are worth \$20,000 a pound," he said, "or about 25 cents a piece. The screws are worth a dollar and a quarter a hundred. It takes fifty-two of them to weigh a grain!"

"Well," said I, "if they cost so much, how do you make watches so cheap?"

"The use of machinery to its utmost limit, and the division of labor as far as possible account for all," rejoined the manager. "Every machine in the factory does one thing only, and it can do nothing else. But it does that one thing incessantly, with incredible rapidity and with unvarying accuracy. Thus, all our watches of one style are precisely alike in all their parts. It is imperative that the watch should be entirely made in a single factory and under one superintendence. Now foreign watches—the cheaper sort—can have only a relative similarity. They are made in parts everywhere, and get together in Geneva and Paris and London. There are not a score of Parisian watches made in Paris any year. The pieces are made

in the rural districts or in Switzerland, and they are sent on to Paris to be fitted together. Many of the English watches are made in the same way—ready manufactured on the continent, and put up in London. There is no great watch factory anywhere, excepting ours, where all the processes are conducted and the movements adjusted under the same roof. We produce a greater number of watches than any other establishment in the world."

"Are you quite sure?" I asked, "that this is the largest factory in the world?"

"There is no question of it," the manager replied, "and what is more, I am told we made more watches in Waltham last year than were made in all England."

#### FAIRY WORKSHOPS.

This is the press room. It is filled with presses, punches, dies, and rolling and slitting machines. Here long, thin ribbons of steel are passed under a die, which draws them with a regular motion, and cuts out at a balance wheel at every blow.

In the next room, the blanks—as the rough pieces are called—are prepared for advancement. The barrel blank is a wheel about three-fourths of an inch across, and 3 1/16ths of an inch thick. It is put on a lathe. Round and round it spins with great velocity, rubbing its rough edges against a series of immovable sharp tools which polish off its coarseness; make it thin and smooth; turn out a chamber for the main spring; drill a hole in the centre to receive the barrel arbor, and turn a flange on the outer edge in which the teeth are cut. All this is done in a twinkling—faster than you or I could describe it in short hand. This machine sets itself.

The barrel is now taken to the dentist's—to have its teeth cut. It is placed in position. Quickly a little chisel spins on a cylinder, cut, cut, cutting as it "swings round the circle," and presently its sixty teeth are finished—all exactly uniform and equidistant. This cutter is a sapphire ground down to the proper size and form by diamond dust and oil, and then fastened into a little wheel or disk. No other material could stand the wear and tear of eating all day long into this hard brass and steel.

Here, in another room, a little machine is splitting out screws, so small that you cannot see their threads.

What you do see at the first glance is a thin thread of steel, finer than the most delicate of pins, slowly pushing its way through a little hole in a machine, and being grasped by a tiny tool which runs round it, as if embracing it; and then, presto! change! out comes a knife and cuts off its head. All this is done so quickly that you have to wait and watch the operation, after you know what it is all about, before you can see the process I have described. The bits thus beheaded with a hug look exactly like little grains of powder. But they are screws. You notice that when you take a microscope and examine them. They are complete—alined. Not quite yet. The girl picks them up, one by one, with a dainty tool, and places them in rows, one in every hole, in a flat piece of steel. This little plate, as soon as it is filled, is placed under another machine, and it would do you Irishman's soul good to see it work. It beats Donnellybrook Fair "all hollow." I had never a more convincing proof of the superiority of the mechanical over the manual labor. For a while a good hearty man with a stout bit of shillelah may break half-a-dozen heads of a day,—with fair luck,—this machine, without as much as saying by your leave," comes out of its hole, and runs along each row, quickly splitting the head of each one of them exactly in the centre. And now the screw is made.

Just this way is the jewel-room, with rubies and sapphires neatly arranged in glass vials, and in another apartment the acclimating process is conducted. There is something like a large safe built into the wall, which is full of little drawers. Pull out the one on the right side, and put in your hand and you feel that the air is hot. On the left, the air is icy. Watches are first put in the tropical and then in the arctic zones, until they become citizens of the world. Then, to accustom them to the ups and downs of practical life, they are put away in other drawers and tested in different positions. One stands on its head for a day, when it is suddenly reversed; but no sooner does it become accustomed to that than it is laid flat on its back.

I examined the watch-case rooms. Every case is composed of more than thirty parts. In the lower rooms the bars are melted; and, to be brief,—after a great variety of processes up stairs and down, they are rapidly turned out, the models of beauty and elegance that we take to our homes and our bosoms. The different parts are soldered together under little tin French-like roofs, which extend along the benches and prevent the room from being begrimed with smoke. Workmen, after tying two parts together with wires, fuse them by suddenly lighting up a tube, almost exactly like a snake, which instantly spouts out a stream of fire, and plays on the detached parts until they are welded—"low and forever, one and inseparable."

I



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## WIT AND HUMOR.

## WHAT SHE SAID.

"O, I recall her tone," said Tom,  
"As sweet as any forest bird's;  
The thrush she might have learned it from,  
And after fashioned it to words."

"How blest a man," cried Ned, "you are!  
Such charms the coldest heart would woo.  
Last eve, I watched you from afar—  
You sought her door—I envied you!"

"Indeed," said Tom, "I fancied not  
You watched my step—'twas after dark.  
But she—O never shall be forgot  
Her simple and her sole remark!"

"What did she say?" cried ardent Ned.  
"Ah," Tom replied, with twinge of pain,  
"Told you and me, she—well, she said,  
'Thomas, you needn't come again!'"

## Completely Sold.

As the Citreheille train was on its downward trip to Mobile, on the first of April, an incident occurred that caused no little amusement to the passengers. As the train was approaching Eight Mile Station, a lady quite elegantly attired, with a lovely bouquet of wild flowers in her hand, and face concealed from view by a handsome veil, was discovered standing on the platform. The train was ordered to stop, of course, to take in the fair passenger—and stop it did. The gallant conductor immediately jumped out upon the platform, and cried out, as usual,—"All aboard!" at the same time raising his hat and politely extending his hand to help the lady aboard. She, however, did not recognize his gallantry, but stood dumb and motionless as a statue. The astonished conductor advanced, involuntarily raised the veil, when lo! instead of a face of female flesh and beauty, the words, "April fool," inscribed on a black "light wood chunk," met his astonished vision. He started back, gave the signal to be off, with an unusual violence, jumped aboard, exclaiming to the innocent engineer in a stentorian voice,—"Who the mischief told you to stop here!"

## A Respectable Family.

The managers of one of the Paris theatres recently required an ass for a fairy piece. The animal performed his part with brilliant success for a fortnight. The thirteenth night the milkman who furnished him failed to bring him. Messengers were sent; he refused to come. At last the manager and author of the piece went to the milkman to press him to bring the ass to the theatre. "No, gentlemen," replied the milkman, "I'm not going to let my jacksass go on the stage again. I did not let father and mother know I had introduced our jacksass to public life; but, Lord! a merry, if everybody in Paris ain't talking about our jacksass, and all my kinsfolk, even my father-in-law, are reproaching me for what I have done; because, gentlemen, I belong to a respectable family, and we have never before had *artisans* in our family."

If there be any one who doubts that Gen. Grant is "human," let him bend his faculties to a consideration of what is thus related by a telegraph operator in Louisville:

During the siege of Vicksburg the General often went around the lines on foot, usually in citizen's dress, unaccompanied by staff or orderly. On one occasion, wishing to obtain a better view of the rebel works, he ascended a signal tower. The guard, not knowing the General, ordered him down in language more expressive than elegant. The General paid no attention to the summons. The guard remonstrated with him, saying it was a very dangerous place on account of sharpshooters. After taking another survey, the General descended and went his way. A soldier who knew the General spoke to the guard, telling him who the visitor was. The guard ran and overtook the General, and apologized for the language used. The General, without uttering a word, drew out a plug of "navy" from his pocket, handed it to the guard, saying, "It is all right—take a chew!"

His NEARLY TOLD A LIE.—A Rochester urchin unconsciously perpetrated a great joke at the expense of his teacher, the other day. The lady was announcing to her pupils the holiday on the twenty-second of February, and asking them some questions concerning its observance, among others, why the birthday of Washington should be celebrated more than that of any one else.

"Why," she added, "more than mine? You may tell me," she said, to a little fellow eager to explain.

"Because," he exclaimed, with great vivacity, "because he never told a lie."

Not Rude.—The Duke of Nassau, while walking on the banks of the Rhine, near Mayence, asked a boatman whether the river continued to rise.

"You stupid donkey!" replied the boatman, "you have been walking an hour here, and ask me whether the water rises!" The duke walked away laughing.

"Do you know whom you have been talking to?" asked another boatman of the first.

"No; who was he?"

"Why, it was the Duke of Nassau."

"Well, I am glad I was not rude!" was the complacent rejoinder.

THE BROWN FAMILY.—A gentleman has told the Buffalo Advertiser that on a recent trip from San Francisco to New York he had some fellow passengers by the name of Brown. This family came originally from California, but had resided at different times in Nebraska and Nevada. Besides the old gentleman and his wife, there were three daughters, named respectively, Nebraska Brown, California Brown and Nevada Brown. Mrs. Brown would frequently say to her eldest daughter,—"Come here, Nebraska, and bring California and Nevada with you,"—at which the other passengers chose to "laugh."

WASHING HIS OWN SHEEP.—A piquant correspondence has just passed between two clergymen in a city where considerable religious awakening has taken place. In substance the correspondence ran as follows:

Baptist to Methodist Clergyman.—Dear Brother: I shall baptize some converts to-morrow; if any of your converts prefer to be baptized in our mode, I shall be happy to baptize them as candidates for your church.



THAT CHARMING GUY WITH THE BLUE FEATHER (to Prize Canary).—"Sweetie, dear!"

IMPUDENT COMIC MAN (from the other side of pedestal).—"Yes, ducky!"

[Utterly ruining the hopes, and taking the wind out of the sails of his tall friend (serious man), who had been spooning about her all the afternoon, and thought he had made an impression.]

## Advice Gratis.

Chimney on Fire. Remedy and conduct.—If your chimney should ever be on fire, wrap yourself up in a damp blanket and swallow a quarter of a pound of hot water.

Hysterics.—If any one goes off into hysterics, knock him down and pump on him: take off his shoes and hit him with them several times behind the ears.

In the case of a lady, prepare to throw a mixture of sweet oil and scotch over her dress. This will have the desired effect.

Butter Scotch.—Receipt. Take an ugly Highlander. This will serve for the "Scotch." Tell him he's the handsomest man you ever saw. This will butter him. And the thing is done.

Cure for a Cold.—Take two quarts of anything you like, rub in with soap and water, scrub briskly and let some one stand for five minutes while you're doing it. Then to bed, if it's time.

How to tame a Savage Manly who bites every one and eats children.—Take out his teeth.

At a Sabbath School "Concert," held in one of the prettiest towns in Western New York, a portion of the exercises consisted in each scholar repeating a verse of Scripture in which should be found the word *love*. When it came to the turn of Miss J., a beautiful young lady of eighteen, and "in the market," she was unprepared with an answer; but before the exercise was concluded she remarked to her teacher that she had found the verse. It was, "I love those who love me, and those who seek me early shall find me." Excellent girl that!

## DEEP EYES.

BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

Those eyes! those eyes!  
O maiden, turn those eyes away;  
My best ambition faints and dies  
Beneath their gentle sway.  
I list for Fame's loud trumpet call,  
But idly sit and linger still,  
A slave within the pleasant thrall  
Of those deep eyes and thy sweet will.

Those eyes! those eyes!  
While haunted by their lustrous gleam,  
I care not to be great or wise,  
And life seems like a dream.  
The golden hours unrolled fly,  
From idle night to idle day;  
My books and pen neglected lie—  
O maiden, turn those eyes away!

## AGRICULTURAL.

## Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

## THE RIGHT WAY.

In agriculture there is an art more necessary to be known in order to insure satisfactory success than are the requisites of any other calling, either commercial, professional or mechanical. There is, however, in all rural enterprise this advantage over every other profession or trade: To be a successful farmer, it does not need that one should serve a seven years' apprenticeship, or be in the start a mechanical expert, familiar with the handling of agricultural implements. A knowledge of the right way being first obtained, all other agricultural exigencies become subordinate to the will to do, and under all ordinary conditions success will be sure to follow energetic action.

In all branches of agricultural industry and enterprise, information as to the right way of performing all operations is so universally disseminated by means of printed books and reliable public journals, that ignorance in such as make or intend to make agriculture an avocation is inexcusable. Long and long continued as have been the prejudiced protests of a lower order of agriculturists against book education, it is nevertheless a fact that in this year of grace, 1867, so much of printed information is extant and within the ready reach of every one, that the man of ordinary intelligence desirous to become a farmer, though without a day's practical experience, having all other requisites of success, may in a month's reading of agricultural books and papers so prepare himself for the new profession as enable him to carry on

the enterprise successfully; and continuing his agricultural reading two years, will make him a better practical farmer than those who have slaved through half a lifetime of uneducated agricultural slavery. A series of seasonable hints as to the right way of doing several things may perhaps prove acceptable to several hundred readers.

The right way to secure a good stock and strong, vigorous growth of quince shrubs, currant and gooseberry bushes, is to make cuttings of last year's wood before the buds start much, clip off three or four inches of the top, and thrust the butt of the cutting into the ground where it is intended for them to remain, having the soil first dug over, disintegrated and properly manured. There will be a healthier growth and more abundant fruit than from rooted plants.

The right way to get the best cabbage plants for second setting out is to make the seed bed on the northwest side of some building or close fence, where the sun never shines. Enrich the surface with a compost of wood ashes, plaster, refuse salt and bone dust in equal parts, at the rate of a bushel to a square rod. Thin out the plants to induce a strong, stocky growth, and transplant when the stems are the thickness of a clay pipe stem.

The right way to head off millions of canker worms and several other sorts of "creeping things" inimical to fruit trees, that come up out of the earth and crawl up the trunks of trees during all the months of April and May, is to smear the trunks liberally with the sweet, sticky, refuse drainage of sugar, to be had for next to nothing at any of our sugar refineries. Mix caustic lime with the molasses, making it so thick that it will not run, and lay on liberally with a whitewash brush. Every climbing creeper bound up the tree will swamp in the molasses, stick fast and perish, while the application is in no way injurious to the tree.

The right way to secure a maximum crop—provided the season shall prove propitious—is to plough early, pulverize the soil thoroughly, manure liberally, and then wait for the sun to warm the soil, until at the depth of four inches from the surface a handful of it will feel as warm as a newly laid egg. Then plough, prepare and plant good seed of Oregon Dent, five grains in a hill, cover an inch and a half, running the rows both ways with the four cardinal points of the compass, so that early morning and late evening sun may shine on the ground. Thin out to four stalks, cultivate carefully, and suffer not a weed to survive.

The right way to secure cucumber, melon, and all other sorts of vines from the ravages of striped bugs and divers other depredators, is to camp out among them cooped up with broods of young chickens. To secure rose bushes, currant and gooseberry bushes from the attacks of insect pirates, dust them over liberally early in the morning, while the dew is on, with fine dust from the road and wood ashes in equal proportions. To make garden peas bear long and best, sow them in deep drills on fine rich garden soil two inches deep, overlying a course of compost made of equal parts chicken guano, fine charcoal, wood ashes and plaster. Cover three inches deep, and sow along the rows lettuce, beets and radishes. These serve for early use, and shield the bare part of the pea vines from being sun burned.

## CASH FROM THE "CANE BRAKES."

In 1843, one day in wandering through one of the vast cane-brakes of the lower Mississippi country, in chase of a prowling panther, a companion—then scarcely more than a boy—son of the parish judge, said seriously and much in earnest:

"One day, if I live, I will teach people to turn these canes to better account than using a few for fishing rods."

Nothing was explained then or since, until very recently a communication from the southern swamps assures us that the early idea of our young friend has become a reality. The waste cane-brakes of lower Louisiana will be utilized and every acre made more valuable than the most productive sugar lands of the south. The same individual who was our companion in the panther hunt is now at work in earnest in the same cane-brake we were then traversing, converting the tall canes by a simple, cheap and expeditious method into a fine pulp, superior to that made from cotton rags, for paper making, as well as for filling mattresses, beds, cushions, and many other useful purposes. Steam performs the work wonderfully and well.

There is a cylinder boiler thirty feet long and four feet in diameter, having one head strongly hinged and closed with a lever latch. Then

there is another high pressure boiler and engine, with a steam pipe attachment. The larger boiler is stuffed full of canes, run in butt end foremost, the latch head secured and steam at a high pressure is forced by the engine into the other end of the cylinder during the space of half an hour, by which time the pent-up canes are charged with compressed vapor, when in a wink a jerk of the lever lifts the latch, the hinged head wide open, and out shoot the surcharged canes like a rocket, the expansive force of the pent-up steam blowing them in a second into lint almost as fine and soft as sea island cotton.

## WHAT OF THE WHEAT CROP?

Our report for all these eastern midland regions is still favorable. We have seen and inspected personally a good many fields and heard reliably from a great many more. Reports are, with very few exceptions, encouraging, while of the fields we have seen since the last line storm, very few have suffered to any serious extent. Five or six in all we have seen, in which were conspicuous patches of winter kill, where the land was wet and required draining and the fields sown early in September, making a strong growth during the fall, with a corresponding mass of roots, which being snapped short off by the upheaving of a frozen hard crust, winter kill is an inevitable consequence. In samples gathered from several fields of early sown wheat, a microscopic examination shows snugly housed in the lower joint of the straw the pupa of our modern wheat fly, (not the Hessian), and as the winter home of this pest is invariably in the first joint of the straw, all wheat sown so late as to make no joint, is safe from the summer attack of this grain scourge, while such as was sown so early as to make a strong growth, both upwards and downwards, has in some instances, as we have seen, suffered from winter kill, and several farmers who will persist in putting in their wheat in the early part of September may expect mischief from the fly. As a general rule, however, the promises of a superior wheat crop in all these regions east of the Alleghenies are as encouraging as any we have had at this season these ten years.

## GATHERED GRAINS.

—The Australians have on the way to New York a full cargo in a big ship of Australian wool. Object—to test the availability of our market.

—Last year Nebraska Territory raised more wheat, corn and stock, according to population, than any other State or Territory in the Union. One county alone has sold 80,000 head of cattle and 250,000 bushels of wheat since last July.

—The other day a 600 acre plantation, belonging to one of our old Alabama neighbors, sold for \$600 at private sale. Pretty good buildings and as good land as any in the South. Florida has more than a million of acres of territory on which as good coffee as the best of Louisiana can be as easily produced as a crop of Indian corn. A company of capitalists are going to grow Florida coffee. They can do it at the rate of about 30 one hundred pound bags per acre.

## RECIPTS.

CHICKEN PANADA.—Skin a fowl; cut it in pieces, leaving the breast whole; boil it in three pints of water till perfectly tender, pick off all the meat, and pound it finely in a mortar, and mix it with the liquor it was boiled in; rub it through a sieve, and season it with salt.

OX-TAIL SOUP.—Steep in cold water, for some hours, two ox-tails cut into bits; put them into a saucepan with four quarts of cold water, a bunch of sweet herbs, a dessert-spoonful of whole black pepper, three onions, two carrots, and one turnip; cover it closely, and when it boils skim it, and let it simmer for three hours, carefully taking off all the fat; add a table-spoonful of vinegar and a half pint of port wine. Take out the vegetables and herbs before serving.

ASPARAGUS IN PETIT FOIE.—These tops were broken in small pieces like peas, and put in a saucepan. Put in boiling water, with salt, and cook till three-quarters done. Always use the water as soon as it boils, for there is more alkali and gases in it than then afterward. As soon as done, put them in a colander and drain. A teaspoonful of butter and flour mixed on the fire. Put in a gill of the asparagus. Stir it. Then mix it in the asparagus. Salt and pepper to taste.

POTATOES IN SALAD.—Butter, vinegar, salt, pepper and chopped parsley. Slice hot potatoes, and turn them into a fryingpan in which there is a little butter. When fried take them off and spread over them the parsley mixture, and serve.

SPINACH.—Throw them in boiling water, a little salt, and boil till tender. Chop it up. Add a spoonful of butter and stir, salt and pepper to taste, a little grated nutmeg, and stir. A table-spoonful of flour next, stirred well in. Then stir in a gill of broth.

SAUCE FOR PIRK AND OTHER FISH.—Half a pint of cream, two table-spoonfuls of walnut catup, and one of essence of anchovy. Boil these together, and just before you take it off the fire, add a little butter, rolled in flour, and a little cayenne; stir all the time after the butter is added.

SNOW CREAM.—Put to a quart of cream the whites of three eggs well beaten, four spoonfuls of sweet wine, sugar to taste, and a bit of lemon-juice; whip it to a froth, remove the peel, and serve in a dish.

CONSERVE OF LEMONS OF ORANGES.—Grate the rind of a lemon or an orange into a saucepan, squeeze the juice of the fruit over, and mix it well together with a spoon; then boil some sugar very high, mix it in, and when of a due consistency pour it into the moulds.

MACARONI PUDDING.—Simmer an ounce or two of the pipe macaroni in a pint of milk, and a bit of lemon and cinnamon till tender; put it into a dish with milk, two or three eggs, but only one white, sugar, nutmeg, a spoonful of peach water, and half a glass of raisin wine. Bake with a paste round the edges. A layer of orange marmalade or raspberry jam in a macaroni pudding, for change, is a great improvement; in which case omit the almond water ratiata, which you should otherwise flavor it with.

CURE FOR FELONS.—An exchange says.—A poultice of onions, applied morning, noon, and night, for three or four days, will cure a felon. No matter how bad the case, splitting the finger will be unnecessary, if this poultice be used. We have seen it tried several times, and know that the remedy is a sure, safe, and speedy one.

## THE RIDDLE.

## Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 13 letters.

My 1, 11, 7, 8, is a Greek letter.

My 2, 7, 10, 12, is often welcomed by the farmer.

My 3, 2, 4, 6, 9, is part of the arm.

My 4, 7, 6, is a pronoun.

My 5, 8, 1, 12, is a town where a great miracle was wrought.

My 6, 3, 8, 5, is a water fowl.

My 7, 3, 10, 6, 9, means to turn.

My 8, 1, 2, is essential to life.

My 9, 11, 8, is a weight.

My 10, 12, 6, 7, 8, 5, 9, is a portion of time.

My 11, 8, 1, 11, 12, is a plant.

My 12, 11, 3, is an adverb.

My whole is the name of a beautiful village in western Pennsylvania.

Irwin Station, Pa. WM. H. MORROW.

## Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a vegetable growing on trees;

My second closes or opens as you please;

My third belongs to almost all feet;

My whole is an insect you don't like to meet.

HAWKEYE.

## Double Rebus.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

1. A town in Greece.

2. A domestic animal.

3. An article of wearing apparel.

4. A river in Europe.

5. A river in Europe.

6. A county in England.

My initials and finals form the names of two cities in England.

L. E. CAMERON.

Pine Grove, Pa.

## Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In a lever of the first order a weight of 2240 pounds acting at the distance of 3.9 inches from the centre of motion is found to balance a certain weight acting at 80 inches from the centre of motion. What is the weight when every inch of the lever is 3 pounds?

MORGAN STEVENS.

An answer is requested.

## Mathematical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A sphere whose diameter is 20 inches is pierced by a cannon ball 10 inches in diameter, the ball moving in a straight line and its surface just touching the centre of the sphere. Required—the solidity of the part carried away by the ball.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Fremont Co., Pa.

An answer is requested.

## Conundrums.

What part of a dog should be named to describe a certain condition of winter weather?

Ans.—It's nose.

Who was the first jockey? Ans.—Adam, for he was the father of the Race.

Why is the letter S injurious to cider? Ans.—Because it makes our cider sour cider.

At what age do pigs end their existence? Ans.—Sausage.

Or when they are 8.

Why is snuff like the letter S? Ans.—Because it is the beginning of sneezing.

What is the difference between a sailor who is ordered to the masthead and a gentleman's hat? Ans.—The one man's the top, and the other tops the man.

## Answers to Last.

ENIGMA.—"The Outlaw's Daughter, a tale of the South-Sea," by Emerson Bennett." CHA-RADE.—Kilimanjaro (kill)—[man—Jay—row.] ANAGRAM.—

"Among the pit-falls in our way  
The best of us walk blindly;  
So, man, be wary, watch and pray,  
And judge your brother kindly."

Answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM, Feb. 2nd—2995 1/3 miles. Artemas Martin.

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM, same date—4 hours, 308 minutes. Solution—the circle will be the figure whose "longest distance across shall be the shortest possible." The area is 256,000 from whence it is easy finding the diameter; then dividing the diameter by 5 we get the answer.—W. H. Morrow. 4 hours, 50 minutes, and 54 seconds.—H. B. Blockhead.

Answer to D. Diefenbach's PROBLEM, Feb. 9th.—The first man 25 years; the second man 84 years; the third man 21 years; the fourth man 77 years; the fifth man 42 years. Sum of their ages 252, which is 11 times the age of the third, who is the youngest, (being 21 years) and 21 over.—D. Diefenbach; L. Sanders; W. J. Barret. First man 49 years; second man 63 years; third man 42 years; fourth man 77 years; fifth man 21 years.—J. Milton Smith.

Patience and Perseverance.—A young country lad, going out into the plough-field with his master for the first time, soon became tired of his work, and showed an inclination to stop. It was his business to drive the horses while his master held the plough. The latter thought it would be time enough to stop when dinner should be ready. So when they came to the end of the lot, as the master drew out his plough to put it in again, he quietly observed—"Another round, and then."

This went on for some time, the lad expecting every turn would be the last, until his patience was exhausted, and he replied—

"And what then, sir?"

"Why, then another," was the calm rejoinder.

And that is the way with all. The teacher must teach still another round, the scholar must learn still another,—Let patience have its perfect work."